

MAY 12 1932

MAY, 1932

VOL. IV., No. 5

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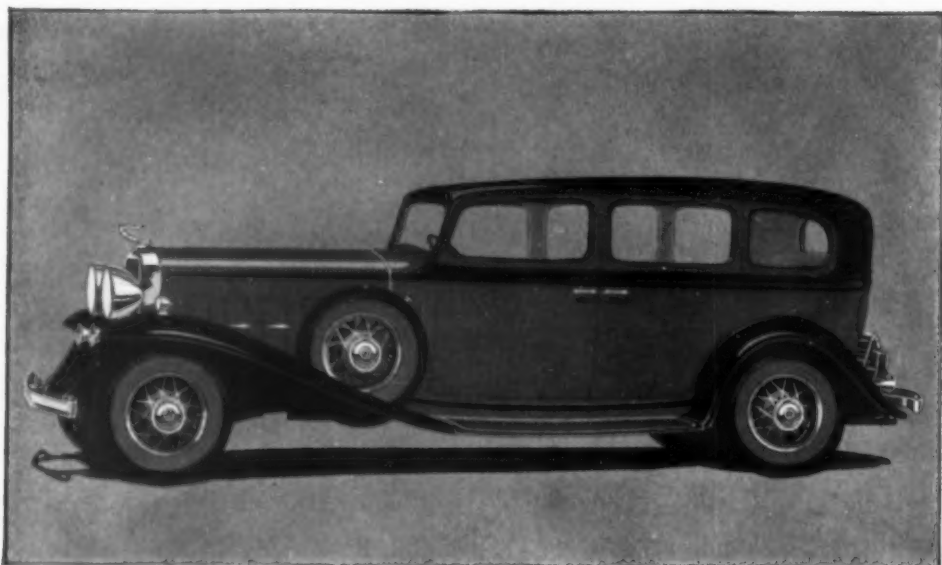


CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

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Canadian Geographical Journal

Published monthly by

THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Chairman of Editorial Board and Editor: LAWRENCE J. BURPEE
Ottawa, Canada

PUBLICATION AGENT FOR THE SOCIETY

WOODWARD PRESS LIMITED, Printers and Publishers, Montreal
Branch Offices: Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto

President: J. A. WOODWARD

Managing Editor: KENNEDY CRONE

MAY, 1932

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office, Montreal, Canada

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This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

The British standard of spelling is adopted, substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1929.

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Membership fee is \$3.00 per year in Canada and other parts of the British Empire, which includes delivery of the Journal, postpaid; in United States and Mexico, \$3.50; in other countries \$4.00. Higher rates outside Empire due to higher postage. Make membership fee payable at par in Montreal.



Leonard Frank photograph.

When the highway can cling no longer to the edge of the precipice it dives beneath. These tunnels are several hundreds of feet above the river. Rock ramparts like this skirt the roadway giving protection and adding greatly to the comfort of driving through the canyon.

On the Cariboo Trail

By EDMUND E. PUGSLEY

STEADILY and surely the motor-car with its demand for more and better roads, is pushing back our frontiers.

Frontiers that a few years ago seemed impregnable to all but the explorer, prospector and pioneer, and conquered only after weeks and often months of the most arduous toil, are now accessible in a few hours or days of travel in luxurious comfort.

One of the most striking instances is that vast and rugged section of British Columbia known as the Cariboo. Where the age-old lure of gold in the year 1856 and subsequent years urged men by boat and pack horse to undertake the long trek up the Fraser River canyon, today the owner of the humblest "gas chariot" can fill the tank, charge the tires and, load up the family for a few hours or a few days as he sees fit, enjoying at ease one of the finest sections of scenery in the world. This article is intended to illustrate just a portion of the road menu offered to the owner of an ordinary car in good driving condition. It was covered in a period between a Monday afternoon and Friday evening, commencing at Vancouver, mainly in ideal, bright weather. The medium-weight car covered a mileage of 670 and consumed about 45 gallons of gasoline at a cost of \$16.54. Less than 10 dollars paid for the balance of the expenses for three men, including groceries, (we camped along the trail whenever we got hungry) oil and toll-gate charges of one dollar each way.

Leaving Vancouver at two o'clock we took a delightful farm supper near Chilliwack at five o'clock after driving through the centre of an area of 18,000 acres of rich reclaimed land which is rapidly becoming settled for mixed farm-

ing, including successful cultivation of hops and tobacco. The tobacco is cured and manufactured in the locality.

Leaving Chilliwack at 5.30 we traversed a winding road through a quaint old farming section to Rosedale, and on to the very foot of a towering mountain from the snow-capped brow of which tumbled long sprays of foaming white water. It was difficult to realize that the placid river which now crowded our

clay-gravel road against the mountain was the same stream which in a few weeks time would be the raging torrent known as the "Mighty Fraser."

Now the road curved and dipped through dense wild shrubbery, crossing many beautiful creeks that tumbled white over rugged rocks in their haste to reach the river. Verily a paradise for the angler and the summer picnic party. Gradually the mountain peaks reared their heads higher until they disappeared occasionally into the clouds.

Already we had reached a driving distance from the thickly-populated urban sections which made it possible for the enterprising auto-camp operator to thrive.

Snuggled tight against the base of solid rock mountains are to be found fascinating retreats where the car may be parked beside ultra-modern cottages, furnishing running water and electric light generated at the waterfall. And here one is readily lulled to sleep by the steady drone of the torrent over the rocks.

Approximately 100 miles on our way we swerved from the road to a wayside house just at dusk, where we spent the night in comfort with a friend of our pilot. At daybreak we were again on the road, driving through the historical town of Fort Hope at 5.40 a.m. Situated on a level bench of land where the river winds sharply one may gaze skyward and



EDMUND E. PUGSLEY

was born in Dufferin, Ontario, and educated at public schools of Toronto, Muskoka and Boyne. He went to British Columbia in 1904 and has been there ever since, mostly at railway work. For the past five years he has devoted considerable time to writing.



Hudson Bay Mountain with glacier between peaks.



Near Smithers the Hudson Bay Mountain glacier can be visited by automobile.



Nearing Lillooet as we come down from Pavilion Mountain. Note the railroad tunnel above the highway. This is the Pacific Great Eastern.



One thousand miles north of Vancouver by automobile, and the end of the road where it narrows down to the telegraph trail to Alaska.



Mrs. Constance Cox, first white child born at Hazelton, is an authority on Indian lore and is pleased to tell visitors the tales of the totem poles.

see distinctly the snow-embedded cross which is said to have inspired the name of Hope. The mountain is known as Mount Holy Cross. Another odd distinction pointed out to the stranger is the peculiar growth of two fir trees together, the joint forming a distinct H. This tree stands directly in front of the Canadian National Railways station. By the side of the river, where gold seekers assembled in the early 60's is now erected a national

cairn denoting where the Hudson's Bay factors erected their fort, many years ago.

The highway leaves Hope by a dual bridge, the lower level being utilized by the Kettle Valley Railway, where it crosses the Fraser to a junction with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Petain. Now climbing a stiff grade we swung around a lake glistening like a mirror, wild ducks swimming placidly about its



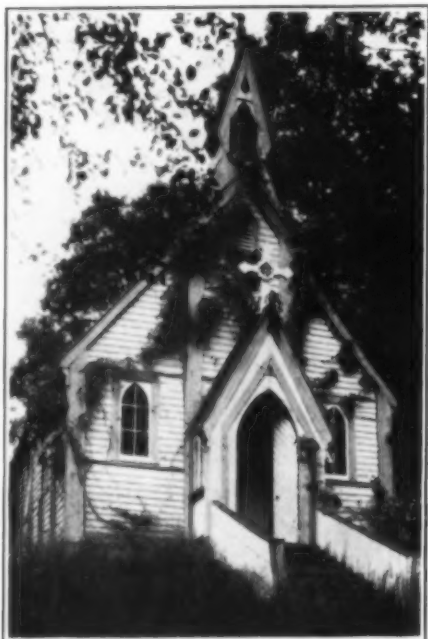
Most of the Indian women smoke pipes, carrying a little cloth or leather sack for their tobacco. This interesting woman in a red sweater and plaid skirt was photographed at Fort St. James.

edges. Once, we were told, the fisheries department made an unsuccessful attempt to cultivate salmon here but the lack of suitable spawning bottom—or in fact any bottom—foiled the plan.

A sharp winding road brought us down again into a narrow valley through a forest of fir and cedar. Ahead appeared smoke, and, peering far down the valley, we saw a train worming its way eastward, playing a game of hide and seek

with us as it dodged frequently into some hole in the mountainside, to again emerge and wave a playful signal of smoke above the trees.

We were speeding smoothly along a road fit for any urban park at often 40 miles per hour. Fairy-like streams leaped out at us in rapid succession, while tranquil lakes dotted the basins in the valley-like bowls of vari-coloured jelly, amber, blue, green or clear. Across



*The oldest church in British Columbia,
built in 1860.*

the river an endless ribbon of gray marks the line of the Canadian National Railways clinging to the base of a range of precipitous mountains.

We climbed high again, while the railway bored through beneath and presently we emerged between shelves of rock to suddenly peer down upon the village of Yale.

It is not difficult to picture the scene of the great gold rush through here. The last possible yard of navigation having been negotiated, whiskered and long-booted men stalked the straggly street that clung, and still clings, to the precipitous bank, completing their lists of supplies, packing them carefully or crudely as bespoke experience, on mule or cayuse, or lacking these, slipping them on their own stout shoulders after snatching a last drink from one of the thriving saloons. Then to join the long feverish procession that dodged in between great red boulders to wind around a perilous bank hanging dizzily to the cliff above the first great canyon chasm.

Here, too, in the early 80's about 15,000 Chinamen swelled the population, mingling with the 1,500 white men in the colossal task of driving two ribbons of

steel through the Fraser canyon to connect west with east in Canada's first transcontinental railway. And through it all, while saloons thronged with hardy men of all nationalities, and fortunes changed hands on gambling tables, one lone policeman kept the peace and kept it remarkably well according to records. His name was Jack Kirkup.

Around the first bend from Yale the road opens to one of the awe-inspiring scenes. Here the river is confined to a narrow channel between two solid walls of rock. Since man has known of it millions of horse-power in water have plunged through this natural gate waiting for the day when man will at last declare himself master of this waste power and control it for the general welfare in industry.

Directly beneath the highway the Canadian Pacific Railway bores through a brief tunnel to dart out to the very edge of the cliff before turning upstream.

Now the highway winds like a snake along the bank, giving to each turn some new thrill, climbing at last to seek a quieter and more sedate passage behind the cliffs. In a green basin-like enclosure we overtook and passed an ancient caravan in the shape of a buckboard and one horse carrying wearily an elderly couple in a wholesome disdain for speed. Three days later we met these travellers toiling painfully up through this same



The tree that put the H in Hope.

canyon road but a few miles further on, while our speedometer had registered 400 miles in the interval.

Suddenly we rounded a curve to find the road blocked by one of those relics of the olden days—a toll gate.

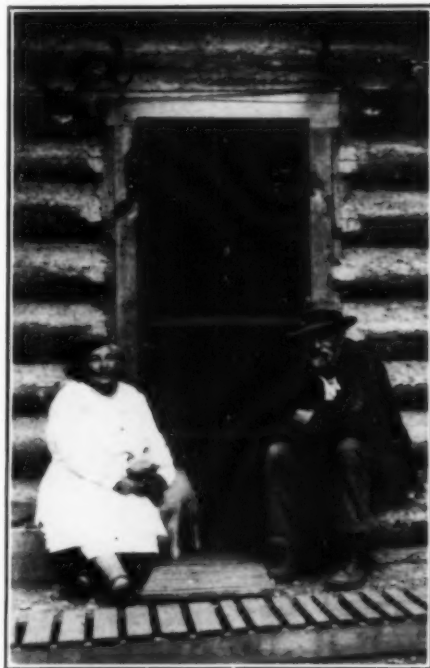
"One dollar, please," politely demanded the keeper. He plastered a big sticker on the windshield as a testimony that the fee had been duly collected.

"Does this bring us through free on the home trip?" we ask innocently.

"No, sir! It will cost you another dollar to get out," he advised.

This was Spuzzum, another landmark. Early travellers through the canyon crossed the Fraser here by means of an old wooden structure erected with considerable skill over the treacherous expanse by a company of Royal Engineers in 1859. A government cairn now honours their memory. As we swung over the beautiful Alexandra bridge of modern construction we marvelled how men conquered this stretch without modern equipment.

We had thought that the scenery to this point was magnificent, and indeed it was. How, then, to describe the new and more glorious panorama stretching before us as we climbed higher and higher, the road clinging desperately



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thyme of One-mile Valley, connected with aristocracy but prefer British Columbia.



How much of the gold was found at Williams Creek at Barkerville, in the heart of the Cariboo country.

to the precipice like a mountain sheep trail! As far as eye could see along the river the Canadian National Railway wound like a snake along the bank farther and farther below us. Yet we knew that it, too, was hundreds of feet above the river.

Occasionally we glimpsed a streak here and there close to the highway and almost grown over with shrubbery—all that remains of the once-famous Cariboo trail of 70 years ago.

Straight ahead loomed Jackass Mountain, named, it is said, because mules were often lost there. Now, with the notorious "Hell's Gate" some hundreds of feet below the highway, we seemed to have reached the pinnacle of the mountain, and yet, looking up the rocky wall, no summit was yet in sight. Here for once the engineers appeared to have given up the task of finding toe-holds around the jutting bluffs and drove tunnels instead. There was no need of cribbing. In each case solid rock lined the hole and solid rock extended as far above as eye could see.

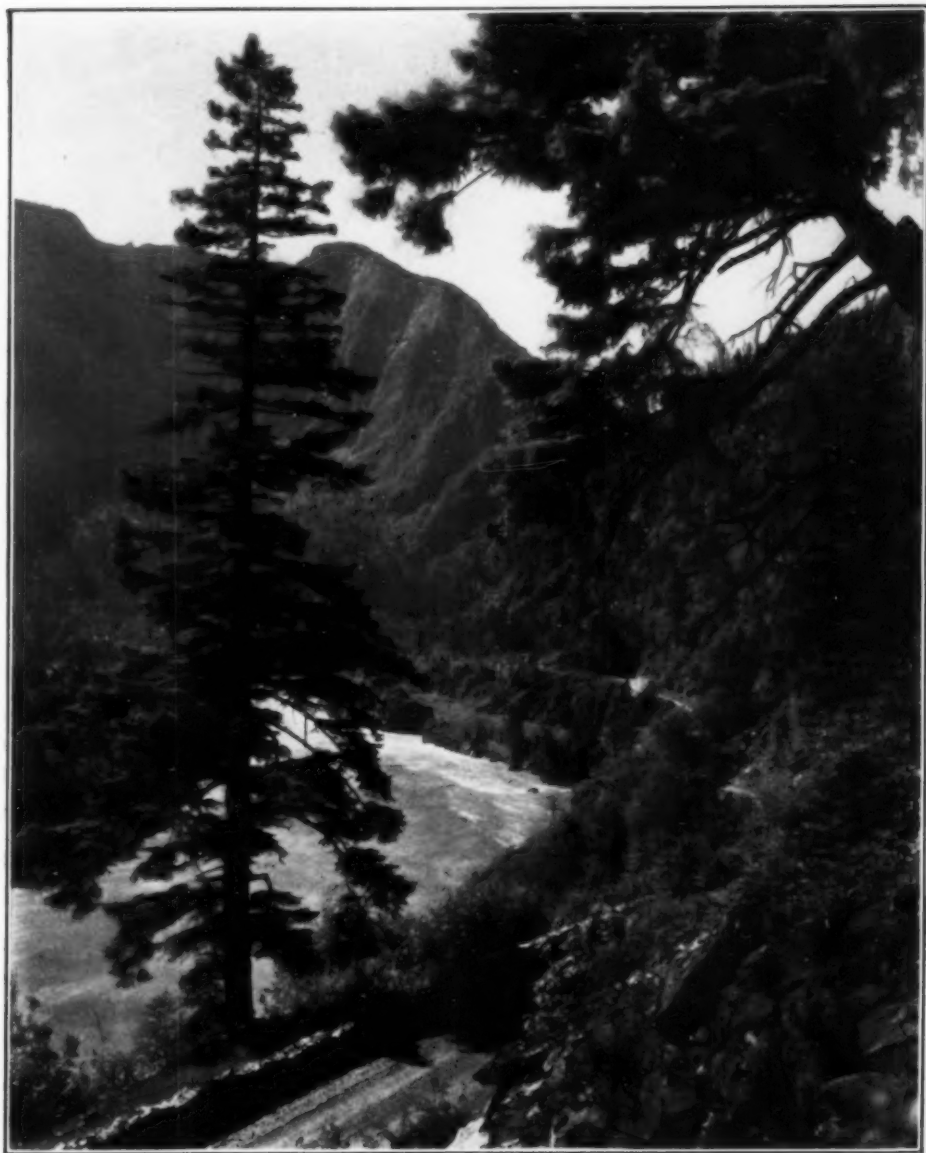


The picture tells the story of width and safety.



Leonard Frank photograph.

Lytton, at the junction of the Fraser and Thompson rivers. Here the highway divides, one to cross the Thompson and on to Lillooet and the other to follow on to Spences Bridge.



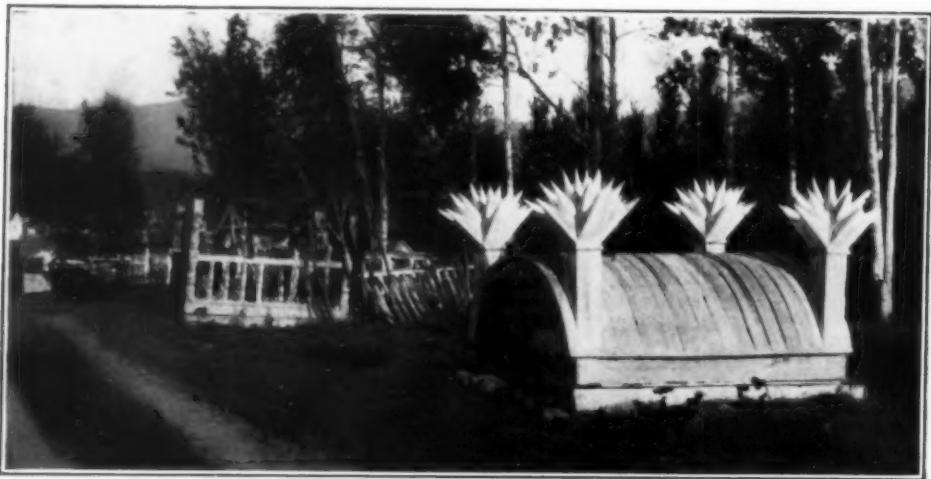
The stone wall gives the tourist a sense of security and he sees many entrancing vistas like the above.

Soon we reached the pinnacle in Fraser Canyon somewhere far above Hell's Gate.

Down, down we drove from there, with every turn a new delight and every twist a real surprise. Freshly-fallen rocks were utilized to build and strengthen a wall on the lower edge so that we might feel easier because there was something between us and a sudden drop

to eternity by the canyon route. Yet this road, with common sense driving, is refreshingly safe and wide for meeting and passing cars.

Miles of winding down, crossing of plunging white streams, passing Indian rancherees, a lone fruit farm or an Indian graveyard. A sudden sweep around a bend to meet a familiar urban sign—"Gas For Sale. Auto Camp." Electric



Indian burial grounds lying on a ledge above Hazelton, B.C. The wooden spikes are supposed to keep bad spirits from descending on the grave of the chief buried there.



Seton Lake near Lillooet as seen from Craig Lodge.



Hope was the head of navigation in the Cariboo gold strike days, and about 12,000 people were living here. Then one day the boats went as far as Yale, about ten miles beyond and Hope began to fade. The inscription on the cairn pays tribute to the Royal Engineers sent over by Queen Victoria to build a road or trail for the miners.



Sixty year old cottages at Barkerville. Fifteen thousand people lived around here when gold was easy to get in the Cariboo days.



The famous Hell's Gate of the Fraser River showing Indian suspension bridge and railway tunnels. Highway is high above here.

light and mountain water were piped to each cabin. No "roughing it" necessary there.

Now we dipped through a grove of white birch and presently viewed a caprice of rival railways. One leaves the right bank to traverse the left and the other leaves the left to follow henceforth the right. No space is wasted. With perhaps 50 feet difference in elevation one bridge surmounts the other.

There were dizzy curves to Lytton. Here one may cross the Thompson by the old Cariboo Road bridge and follow the Fraser to Lillooet and points north to Prince George or continue along and ascend with the Thompson River, as do both railways. We chose the latter, leaving the big treat of the upper Fraser for later exploration. Sage brush and wild flowers of yellow, pink and purple added enticing colour to the changing scenes.

Almost awe-proof now, we yet must stop and gaze a few moments into the "Jaws of Death" Canyon. Then on and on, speeding over a road packed with red substance into as fine a surface as it

is possible to conceive. Even the mountains take on a red colour here.

The next stop was at Spences Bridge, 207 miles from the coast. The hills were rolling and sandy. A new highway bridge of steel neared completion over the Thompson River towards Ashcroft and the north. We paused to make a pot of tea by the side of the beautiful and swift Nicola River, and then moved on again, forsaking the Thompson and the main lines of railways for the Nicola and the Kettle Valley Branch.

Then came hairpin turns without number and frequent picket-enclosed burial grounds where the noble Red families sleep on a bench overlooking the river. Up and down as if on an endless roller coaster we wound until at last the valley widened and we entered Merritt, 63 miles up this valley.

The next seven miles were through a cow country with rolling hills, as far as eye could see, spotted with grazing cattle. Then we passed over to a park-like drive marked by many lakes with wild ducks swimming lazily in the sun.



Leonard Frank photograph.

One of the countless thrilling glimpses into the chasm from the highway. Note a section of the road at upper left, while skirting the river below is seen the two transcontinental railways, one on either side. Two tunnels appear on the portion showing the Canadian Pacific.

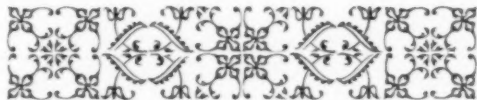
Groundhogs and whistlers scampered from our pathway to dart into holes.

Lookout mountain, used by the Government for observation purposes, and Otter Creek, were the succeeding posts. Leaving Otter Valley road we turned to the less used highway of One-Mile, skirted an endless chain of lakes for an hour and arrived at our objective, Jack Thynne's ranch, at 4.45 o'clock, just 289 miles from home.

A day of exploring, with scurrying deer, grouse and ducks in abundance. We had a drive through Princeton and

the Tulameen valley to Coalmont. Princeton snuggled in between the Similkameen and Tulameen Rivers. We saw the coal and copper mines, and something of the fox farming and general industry. Two prairie schooners moved doggedly along the road from the boundary line in the general direction of the land of promise—Peace River.

A night was spent at Jack Thynne's ranch listening to the fascinating tale of his entry in 1887 with a 16-year-old bride. Next morning at dawn we were off for home again.





From the English edition of Hennepin's "New Discovery." The original, by a contemporary Dutch artist, Vander Gucht, represents the siege of Quebec by the English under Sir William Phips in 1690, when Frontenac was Governor.

Baron de Lahontan, Explorer

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

ONE would look in vain in the honour roll of the explorers and discoverers of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley for the name of the Baron de Lahontan. Not a single monument has been erected in his memory, not a single tablet inscribed in his honour. Yet, if the forgotten Baron had his deserts, his name would stand beside those of Marquette and Joliet and LaSalle in the history of the Father of Rivers. In particular the state of Minnesota would recall his memory as the man who was the first to push his way into the north central part of that state and to approach the great northern divide, over a century before it became known to the world. French Canada where the name of the Baron is either utterly forgotten or utterly despised, ought to honour in him one of the most gallant, most talented and most devoted of the nobles of France who spent the best of their years in the service of New France.

But it was the fate of the Baron to "get in wrong." He came to Canada in 1683 as an officer in the army. He was at that time a boy of 17. In the letters which he wrote home, and which he printed 20 years later as his "Voyages," he was silly enough to repeat the barrack room stories which he had heard about the class of women which the King of France had sent out to Canada 20 years before to be the brides of a disbanded regiment of his soldiers. The merry young Baron "made his mouth warm over it," as the French have it, without realizing the falsity and the reach of the insult. As a matter of fact, it has reached down the centuries until to-day, and those of the people of Quebec who have ever heard of the name of Lahontan, know it, therefore, as that of the man who slandered "the mothers of French

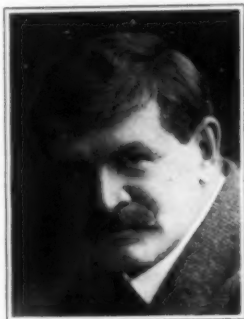
Canada." In the light of that, all else that the Baron did, went for nothing.

But, for the matter of that, the unhappy young nobleman "got in" even worse yet. In his same letters of travel he expressed his opinion very frankly about the priests of New France and how they tried, as he saw it, to tyrannize over the life of the colonists: worse than that; he was ill-advised enough to put into his travels and memoirs a lot of the scepticism already coming into fashion in his day. His dialogue on Christianity carried on with an imaginary Indian, would have been enough to damn him even without the unlucky episodes of the women and the priests.

As a consequence the real achievements of Lahontan were belittled and his voyage of discovery into what is now Minneosta was laughed at as a fabrication. A few people in France tried

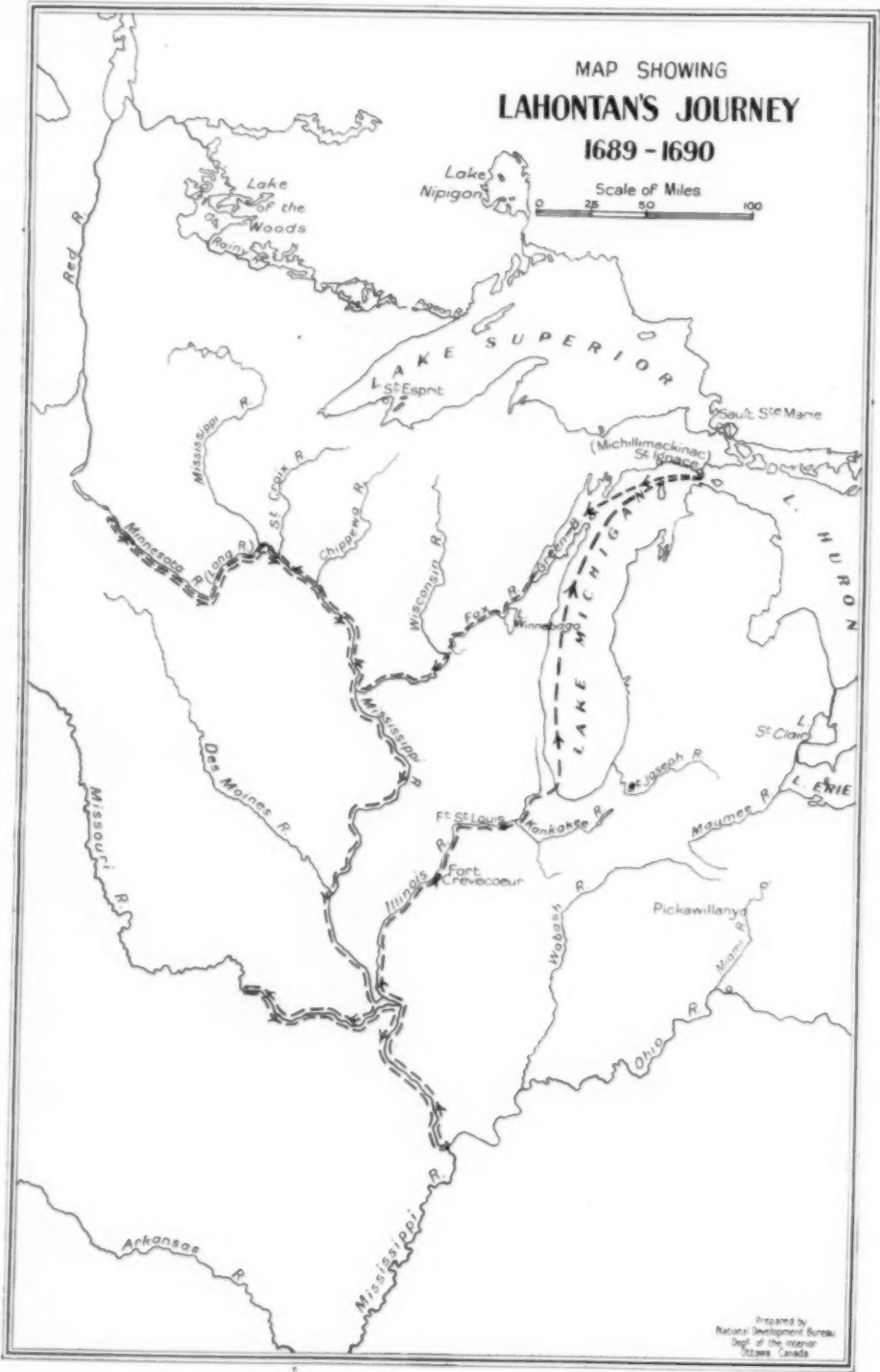
to defend the story; but they lacked facts. The legend of Lahontan as a liar grew and solidified. It was presently accepted as a fact without further examination. Even the honest and industrious Francis Parkman, compares the story to Gulliver. For once Parkman seems to prefer popular approval to the search after historic truth and accepts without proper investigation the current story. Finally Mr. J. E. Roy in a paper,—admirable but erroneous,—presented to The Royal Society of Canada in 1894 covers the whole career of Lahontan and rules him out of court as an infidel and a liar. Since then oblivion has fallen on the baron. In the latest Encyclopaedia Britannica there is no article on Lahontan and no reference to his name in the index.

Briefly his career was this. He came to Canada in 1683 and served here for 10 years. He was in garrison at Quebec,



STEPHEN LEACOCK

like the immortal Lewis Carroll has been interested both in the serious and the whimsical sides of life. His books range from *Elements of Political Science* to *"Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy."* Canadian history is counted among his many preoccupations.



NEW
VOYAGES
TO
North-America.

CONTAINING

An Account of the several Nations of that vast Continent ; their Customs, Commerce, and Way of Navigation upon the Lakes and Rivers ; the several Attempts of the *English* and *French* to dispossess one another ; with the Reasons of the Miscarriage of the former ; and the various Adventures between the *French*, and the *Iroquese* Confederates of *England*, from 1683 to 1694.

A Geographical Description of *Canada*, and a Natural History of the Country, with Remarks upon their Government, and the Interest of the *English* and *French* in their Commerce.

Also a Dialogue between the Author and a General of the Savages, giving a full View of the Religion and strange Opinions of those People : With an Account of the Authors Retreat to *Portugal* and *Denmark*, and his Remarks on those Courts.

To which is added,

A Dictionary of the *Algonkine* Language, which is generally spoke in *North-America*.

Illustrated with Twenty Three Mapps and Cutts.

Written in *French*

By the Baron LAHONTAN, Lord Lievtenant of the *French* Colony at *Placentia* in *Newfoundland*, now in *England*.

Done into *English*.

In Two VOLUMES.

A great part of which never Printed in the Original.

LONDON: Printed for H. Bennicke in *St. Paul's Church-yard* ; T. Goodwin, M. Watton, B. Tooke, in *Fleetstreet* ; and S. Manship in *Cornhil*, 1703.

Facsimile of title page of the edition of Lahontan's "Voyages," published in English in London in 1703.



"The unfortunate adventures of Monsieur de la Salle," by Vander Gucht. Evidently represents the landing of La Salle in 1684 at the mouth of the Mississippi. La Salle was murdered shortly afterwards by his own men.

Montreal, Chambly and elsewhere. He spent many months, on various occasions, hunting and living with the Algonquins whose language he mastered thoroughly. He took part in the expeditions against the Iroquois under LaBarre and Denonville. He commanded a detachment of French and

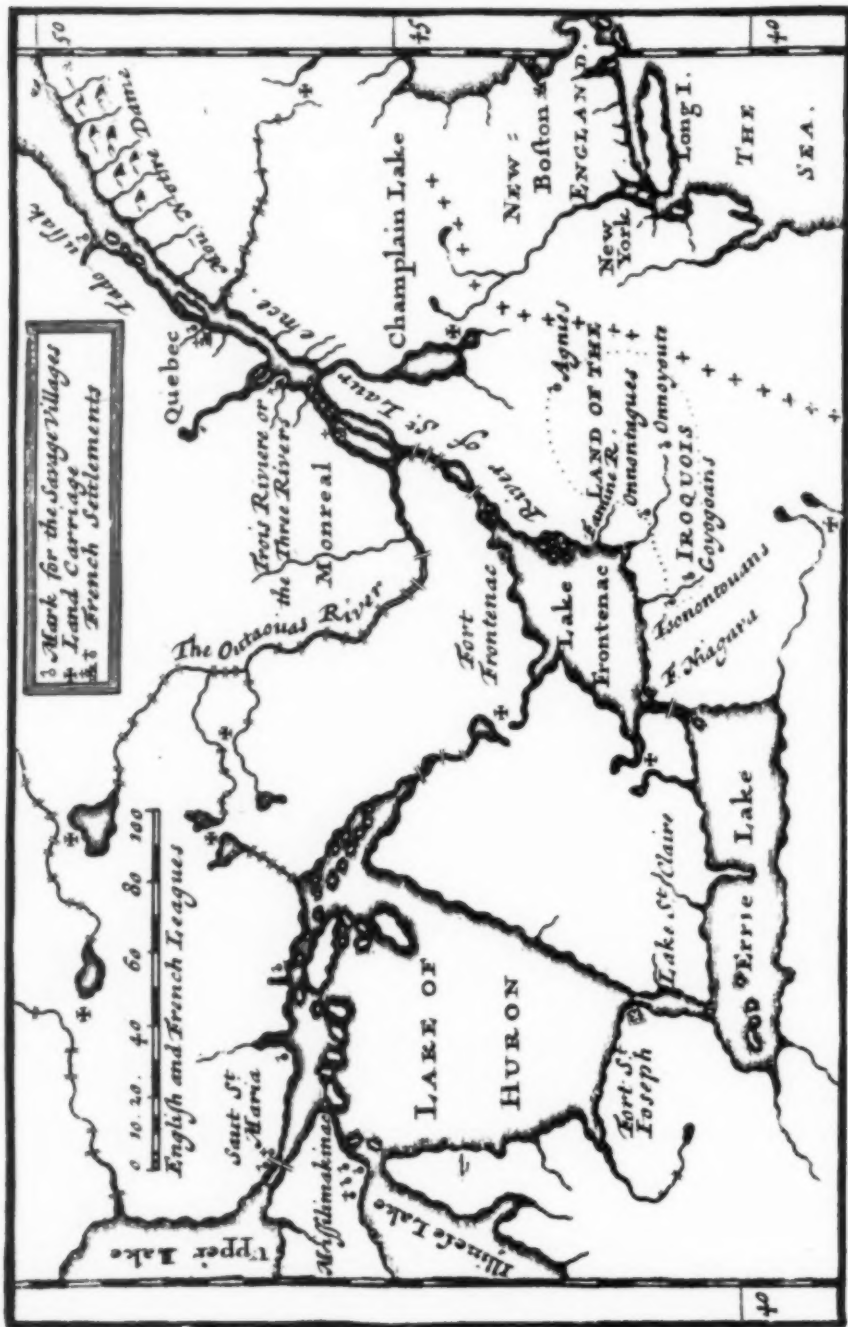
Indians in an expedition to Michilimackinac (Mackinaw), where they stayed for a year. He served under Frontenac when Sir William Phips was driven away from Quebec. He helped to beat off an English fleet from Newfoundland, a service for which the king made him "Lieutenant," that is "Lieutenant."



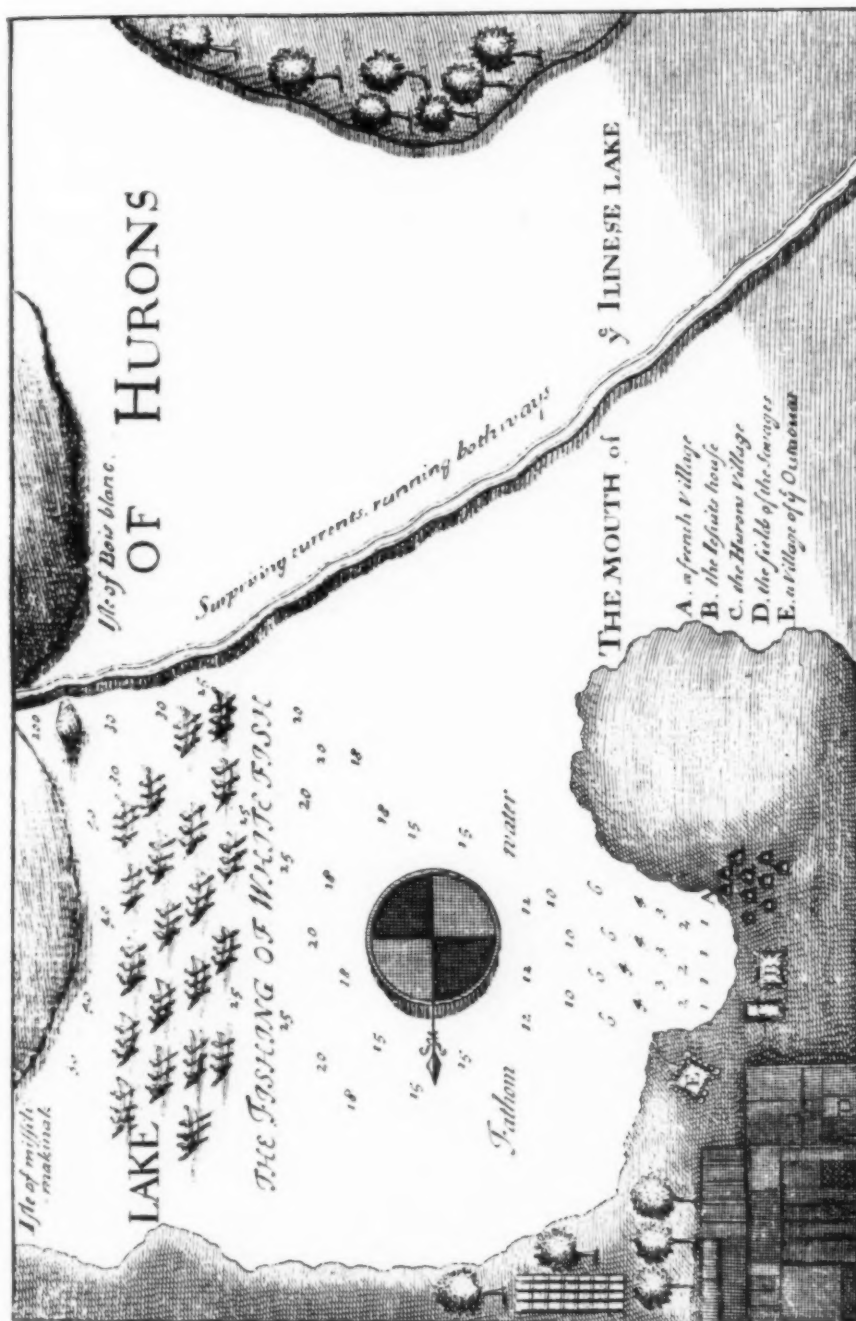
"The Cruelty of The Savage Iroquois," by Vander Gucht. The artist's vegetation is somewhat tropical for the Iroquois country.

tenant Governor" of Placentia, or, so to speak, of French Newfoundland. His account of all his campaigns, adventures and life in the woods, of Indian war and Indian cruelty, of all the great epic of the coming of the white races to the forests of America,—Lahontan's account of these read like a story book. When the "Nouveaux Voyages de M. le Baron

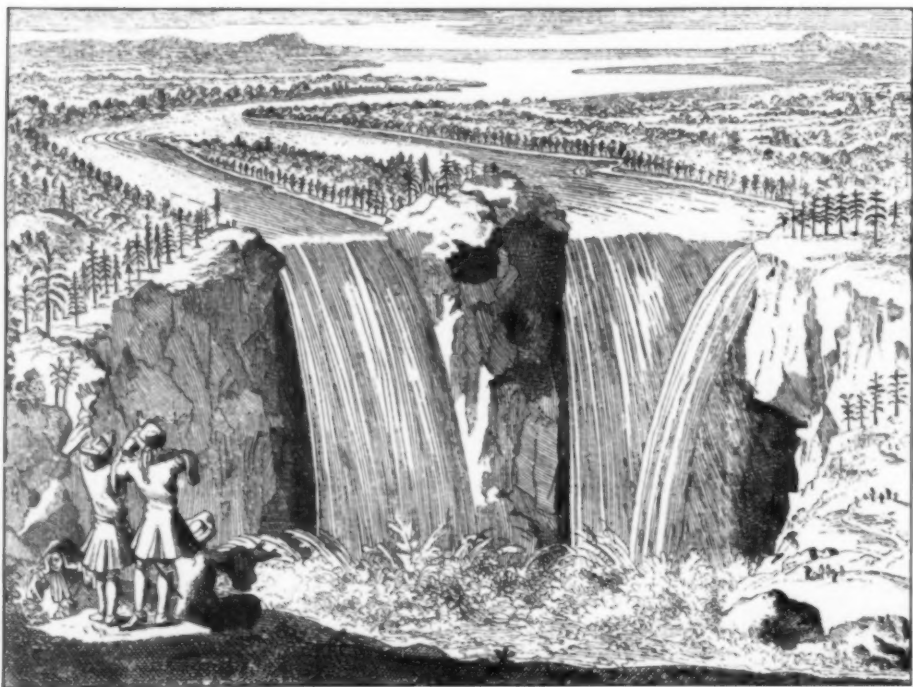
de Lahontan" were first printed (in Holland), in 1703, they were read all over polite Europe in edition after edition. The singular charm of his writing, as fascinating to-day as it was 200 years ago, appealed to thousands of people who would have yawned over the pages of the Jesuit Relations or the history of Charlevoix. Even to-day no



Lahontan's map of New France and the country of the Great Lakes. Fort St. Joseph, where he was stationed for a time in succession to DuLhut, is shown at the outlet of Lake Huron.



The Straits of Mackinac, with Bois Blanc Island and Mackinac Island, formerly known as Michilimackinac, with the French fort and Indian village. In 1780 the fort and village were moved from the mainland to the island of Michilimackinac. From Lahontan's "Voyages."



Niagara Falls were first described by Hennepin, a contemporary of Lahontan, although Champlain and even Cartier had heard accounts of them from the Indians. From Hennepin's "New Discovery."

one disputes the wonderful accuracy of Lahontan's account of war and peace in New France.

But when the book came out, Lahontan was already in disgrace. A quarrel with his senior, the Governor of Newfoundland,—a quarrel of youth with age, of wit with stupidity, of efficiency with ineptitude, had led to his banishment from France. He lived and died (1713) in exile. This banishment further helped to discredit, most unjustly, his reputation.

Now when the young Baron de Lahontan, still well under 30, was in command at Michilimackinac it occurred to him that he might use the enforced leisure of an interval of temporary peace in a voyage of exploration. His own curiosity was always insatiable, and at the moment the curiosity of all the world was turned towards the Mississippi. Let us recall the chronology of the matter. The Mississippi was discovered, not at its mouth but from overland higher up by the Spaniard de Soto in 1541. He and his men wintered on the Ouachita River

in Arkansas. The river then passes out of record till 1673 when Joliet and Father Marquette went from Lake Huron by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers to the Upper Mississippi. In 1680 Father Hennepin went by the same route and ascended the river to the Falls of St. Anthony (Minneapolis). Captured by the Sioux, he was rescued by Greysolon du Lhut who reached the river from Lake Superior by the Ste. Croix.

In 1682 La Salle descended the Mississippi to its mouth and named and claimed "Louisiana." Returning to France he equipped a new expedition, in 1684, to reach the Mississippi from the gulf. Mystery closed over his fate. We know now that he was murdered by some of his own men in 1687. But at the alleged time of Lahontan's journey (1689-90) news of La Salle's fate had reached France only as criminal confession and uncertain rumour.

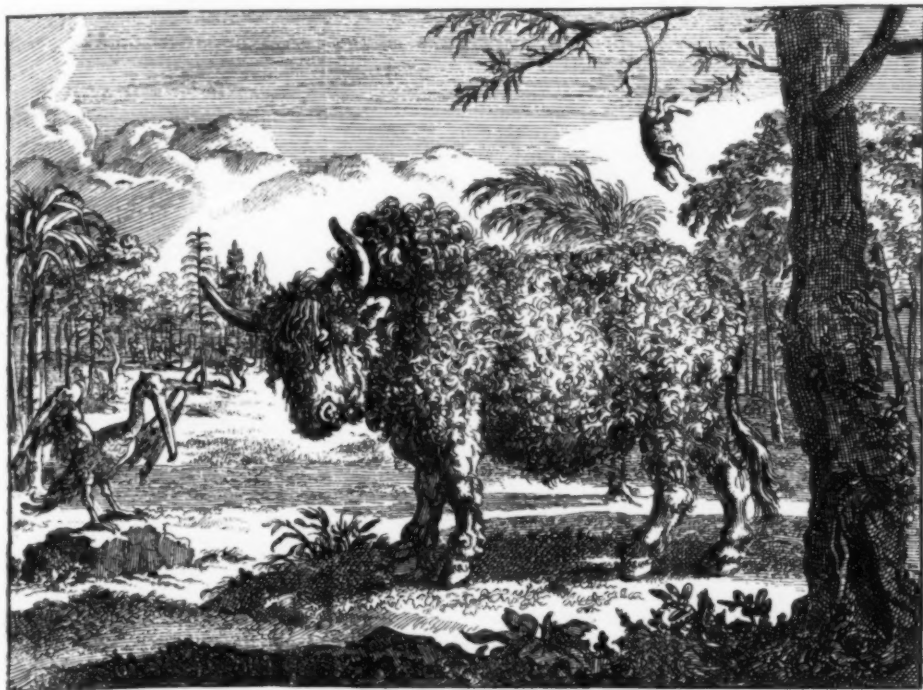
This new vast territory of the great river, therefore, appealed to adventurous minds as did the East Indies to Vasco da Gama or the coast of America to

Columbus. Indeed, it was still the quest of Columbus, the "search for the western sea" that inspired the explorers. To modern eyes without historical perspective Lahontan's voyage into the marshes and meadows of central Minnesota seems vague and purposeless. To his contemporaries the aim was as clear as the search for the North Pole in the days of Nansen and Peary.

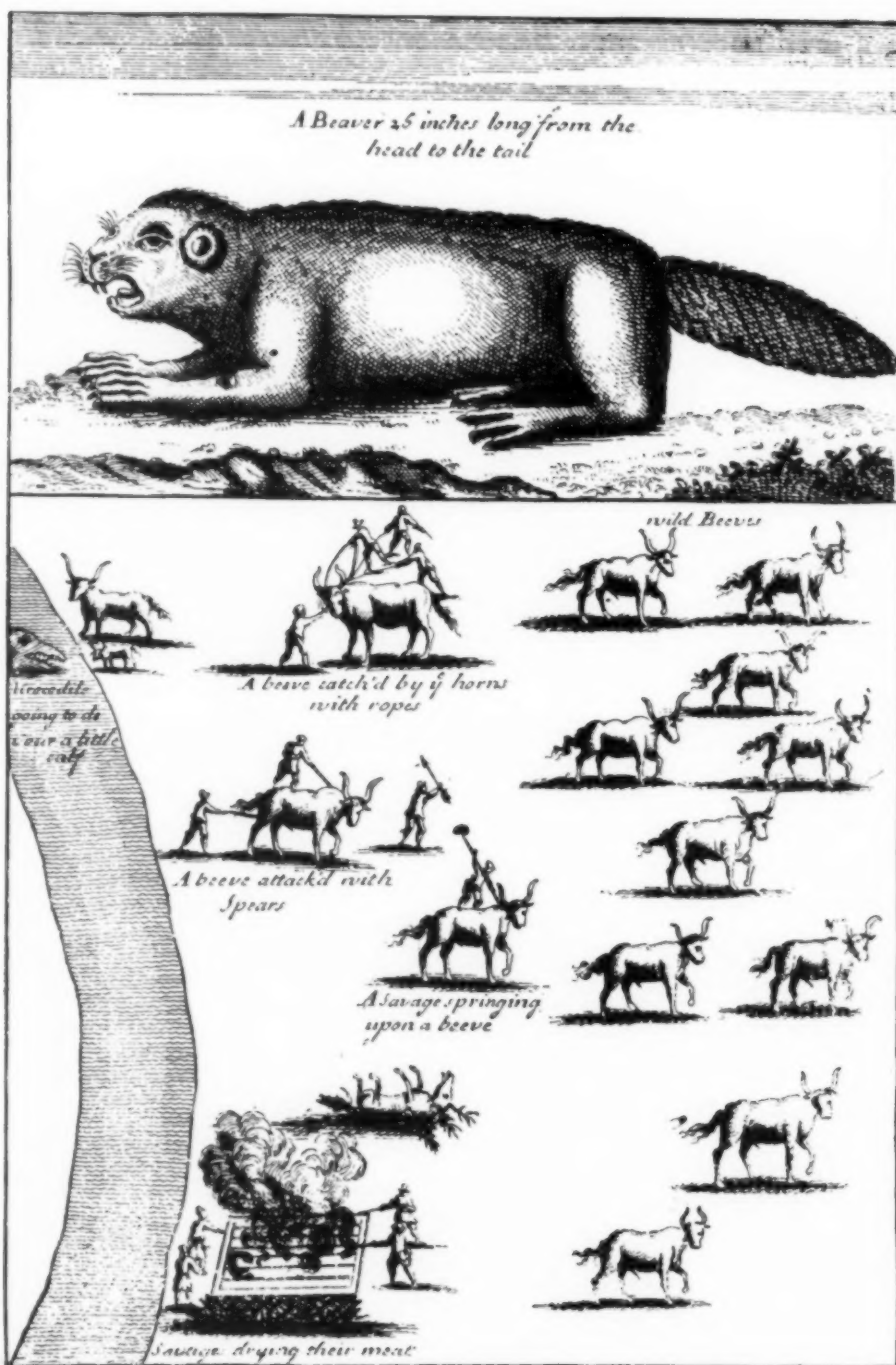
Lahontan says that he left Michilimackinac with soldiers and Indians on September 24th, 1688; entered Baie des Puants (Green Bay off Lake Michigan); went up the Fox River; portaged to the Wisconsin River and reached its junction with the Mississippi on, November 2nd, 1688. From there he says he went up the Mississippi so many days and so many leagues. Thus far there is no inherent objection to the story. If he didn't do it, at least he could have. The times and distances are self consistent. Per contra he could have made it up! The route was known and described. After ascending the Mississippi till January 26, 1689,

Lahontan came, so he says, to a stretch of shoals and cascades. Here he turned off into a branch that came in from the left. If this is not the rapid water below the Falls of St. Anthony, and if the river is not the Minnesota (otherwise St. Peter's, otherwise St. Pierre) at least it could have been.

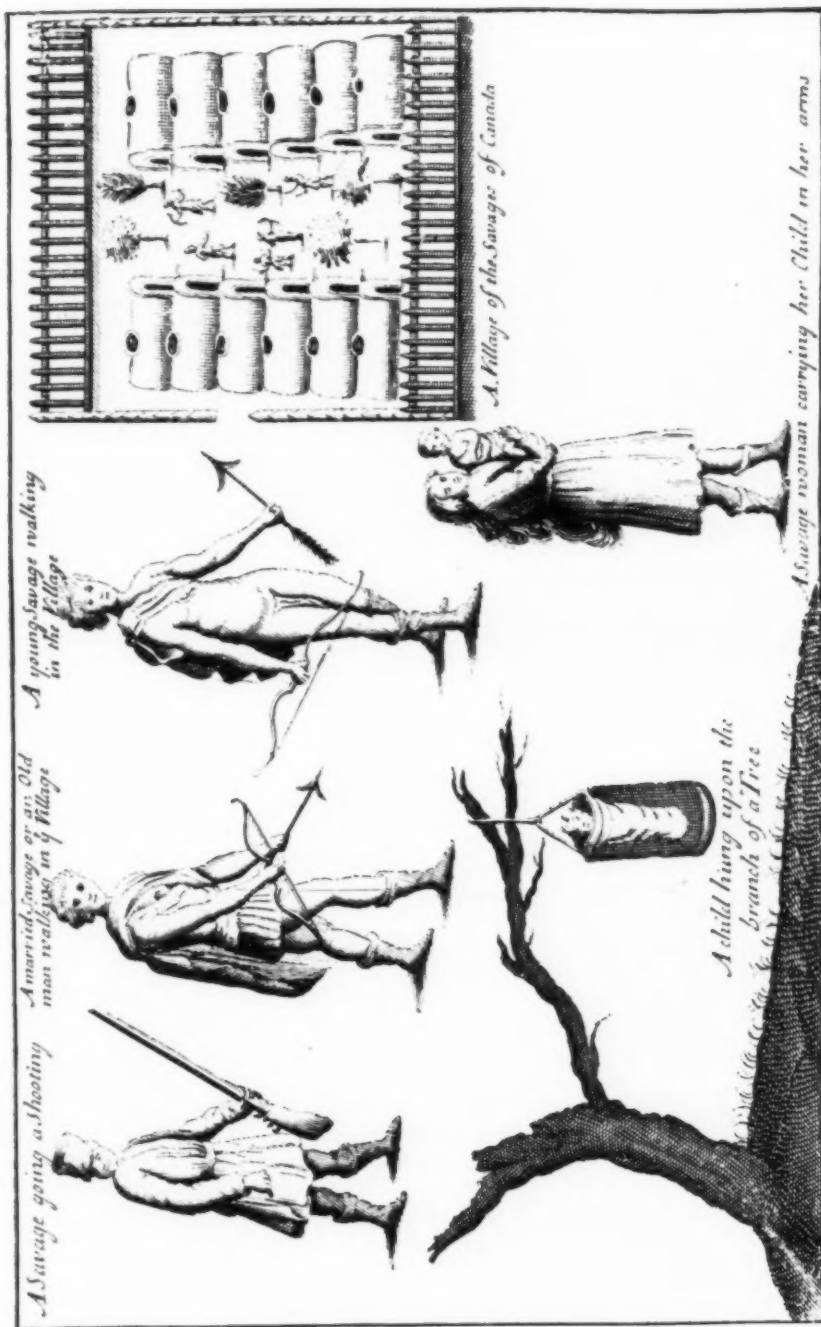
Now begins the controversial matter. Lahontan, like a chess player, has got beyond the moves in the book. He can't copy. What he says is,—that he found here a long, long river most of it very still and quiet and with reaches almost stagnant. It is long, very long. Lahontan gives no accurate table of distances. How could he? "We went 12 leagues,"—"we stopped five days"—"we hunted"—"we went 12 leagues"—"the savages said that 60 leagues further we should find so and so." It is all like that. It adds up at least to hundreds of miles. The Minnesota, incidentally has a course of 450 miles. It has long still reaches. Most of it is navigable for steamers. Lahontan says that he met various



The buffalo as pictured by the illustrator of Hennepin's "New Discovery." The artist has caught the idea of the hump, but got the horns nearer home. He had probably seen the earliest representation of a buffalo, in Gomara's "Historia de las Indias Saragossa," 1552.



The artist who drew the illustrations for Lahontan's "Voyages" knew very little about the wild inhabitants of the west. His crocodile is a little out of place in the buffalo country. Lahontan's description of the beaver, in the text, like many other early accounts, somewhat exaggerates the sagacity of that interesting little animal.



Indian hunters and squaw and village, as imagined by a contemporary artist, are more curious than convincing. Even the papoose looks surprised that anyone should mistake him for one.



A fishing station on the St. Lawrence in the days of Lahontan.

tribes of Indians as he went up. There were the Nadouessis, and the Eokoros, and the Gnacsitaires and the Esanapes. These names might well look bewildering and absurd, in fact like Gulliver's names. But the Nadouessis are quite evidently the Nadouessioux of Hennepin and others and merely mean the Sioux. Any one acquainted with the phonetic bewilderment of Indian names written down by white people will be ready to accept the Eokoros as the Crows and the Esanape as the Assiniboines. Both these names have appeared in various forms.

As an illustration of the multiform ways of spelling the Indian names of Western places, Mr. Carl Roden, librarian of the Chicago Public Library sends to the writer 21 of the more familiar ways of writing the Indian word for Chicago: Among these first prize may be awarded to Stktschagko with honorable mention for Tschakko.

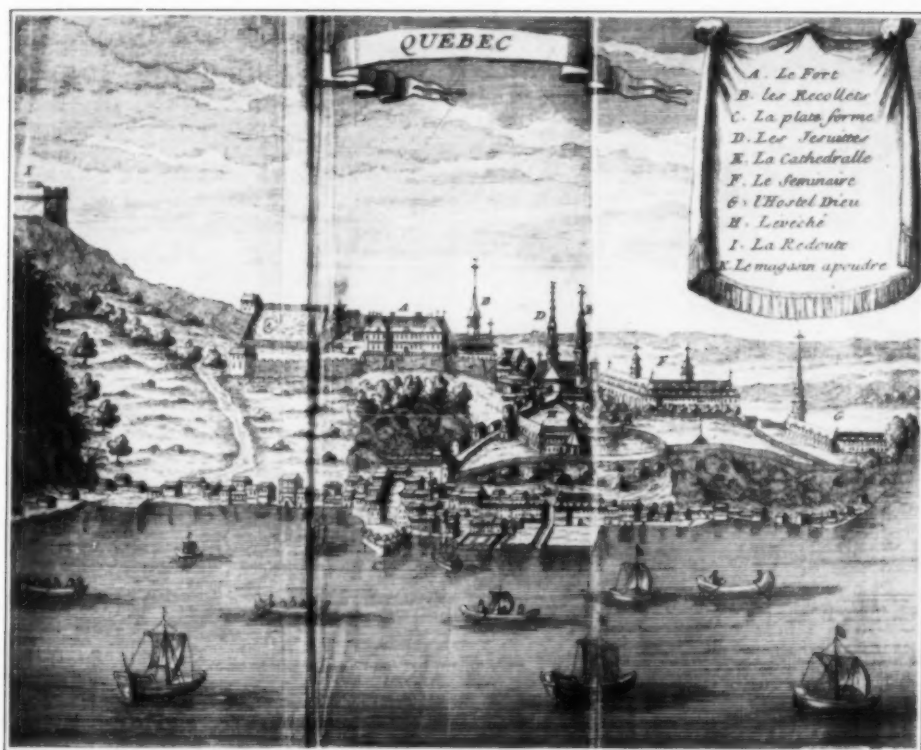
Now the Minnesota River runs with a great bend or elbow somewhat below

the middle of its course. That is, it comes down from the north, then turns sideways and a little upward and its general direction in its lower course towards its union with the Mississippi is from the south-west to the north-east. One might, therefore, argue that it was very wonderful of Lahontan to have invented a long, long river like the Minnesota,—for no white person had yet seen the course of the Minnesota and recorded it,—but very unlucky that he forgot its chief outstanding feature, the huge bend in its course. How easily could that have disqualified his whole story! What! Leave out by accident such an obvious fact? Impossible.

But alas for argument when confronted by fact! The next white explorer of this region was a certain Captain Carver, a veteran of the Seven Year War. In 1766 he ascended the Minnesota. No one has ever doubted that. He went away up,—in distance obviously beyond the great curve. He never refers to



A contemporary print of a French Canadian going to war on snowshoes.



Quebec in or about the days of Lahontan. From La Potherie's "*Historie de l'Amerique Septentrionale*."

it in his book "Travels in the Interior Parts of America, 1766, 1767 and 1768," which records in great detail the scenery along the banks and the Indians who dwelt there.

Lahontan speaks constantly as if he and his Indians "sailed" up the river. Again and again he said, "the wind being unfavorable we had to use our oars"—or "the wind being so and so we sailed, etc." The critic objects that mast and sails were unknown to the American Indian who used only canoes. The answer is that the Indians of the plains used dug-outs (pirogues) and that they sailed by standing up with a blanket held outwards by both arms and downward by their feet. Carver describes this.

Carver had read, or had heard of, Lahontan's narrative. It is only fair to say that he says "many of the stories told by the Baron are mere delusions." But this is not the same as saying that the Baron was not there and that his journey is fabulous. He says the

account is "very erroneous" in its geographical parts. But he says the same of Charlevoix. Geographical mistakes in first hand exploration are inevitable, and universal. See any explorer's first map of any country. The "stories" most likely refer to Lahontan's experiences on the upper stretches of the river beyond where Carver reached. Here he met a swarthy tribe of natives, whom he called Mozeemleks. They were dark, and had beards. This is the acid test of Lahontan's narrative. Where are those bearded savages now?

Notice again that Catlin, the famous traveller of the early 19th Century, whose book on the North American Indians (1839) is a classic, speaks of the extraordinary and abundant hair of the Crows and other tribes; says that they would have beards but that they pull them out; and that some old men (careless old fellows!) let them grow.

The "toughest" part of Lahontan's narrative now follows and it proves really its chief corroboration. The

Mozeemleks tell him that the Long River rises in marshes and hills up to the north; that beyond this is another river, their own proper river, which runs away to the north,—they give the distance in leagues, but it means merely a long, long way,—till it reaches a great salt sea. On and around this live the Tahuglaux (more Gulliver!) who dress in skins, with pointed caps that pull over their heads, who are swarthy and wear beards and carry poles in their hands. What this means is that over the Minnesota divide the rivers flow north till they reach the Hudson Bay; that here lives the Esquimaux, bearded and dressed, and with their Kyah poles in their hands. We know that the Eskimos centuries ago lived as far south as this. If Lahontan was lying, he was, indeed, a wonderful liar.

Some of the critics once proved that Lahontan lied because the weather didn't fit! Imagine, they said, voyaging at 40 below zero (as it always is in Minnesota) in open piroques on frozen rivers in December blizzards. But that won't do. Lahontan said there was no ice till well into December. It appears there often is none till then. When the winter got too severe the party turned back.

The return was easy; down the "Long River," down the Mississippi, a little way up the Missouri and back, then down to the Ouabash (Wabash, but here as often the Ohio), then up the Mississippi again and so by the Illinois portage to Chekakou (which is Chicago). The fatal objection that there were no hotels in Chicago in 1690 easily vanishes. The name antedates by centuries even Fort Dearborn. And so they passed down Lake Michigan and back home to Mickilimackinac in May of 1689.

Lahontan in all his memoirs writes like a gentleman, like a man of honour. No literary skill or duplicity could counterfeit the honour and the honesty of his narration. Lahontan wouldn't lie, and couldn't lie. He was, as far as recorded words go, the first discoverer of Central Minnesota, and the Red River Portage way to the Canadian north-west. But for the cold he would have gone to Winnipeg; others can sympathize.

The whole matter resolves itself into giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him. It remains for some Minnesota scholar on the spot to follow up the track; measure the distances; locate the islands or the marshes and vindicate a great and courageous name from historic slander.



Eskimo and his Kayak at Port Burrell.

Epic of the Seal Hunters

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

THERE is no romance about it any longer. The old sealing captains will tell you that. There are not many of them left to talk of those stirring days when, in their windjammers, they tore straight away to the Arctic Seas in pursuit of the great herds. The windjammers themselves were sold for junk long ago.

To-day when the seals start for the breeding grounds, the United States coastguard cutters act as their escort from away down at San Diego as far north as the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Here the guard is changed to Canadian patrol boats. When the migrating herds have reached the vicinity of Dixon's Entrance, Canadian destroyers escort them until they are once more in United States waters.

Pelagic sealing is a thing of the past. The ainus or aborigines of Japan, and the Indians of the British Columbia coast, are permitted to hunt by canoe; but they must use only bows and arrows or harpoons, and power boats and guns are entirely taboo.

By the middle of June the males will have assembled at the rookeries. Then the females begin to appear. Each old male collects 10 to 15 or more females and furious fights between the bulls take place. The family circle is complete about the middle of July. After landing, the female gives birth to one pup, weighing about six pounds, which she nurses at wide intervals but without much affection. Pairing takes place soon afterward.

In August the slaughter of the seals begins. In the old days it was so wholesale that it is a wonder the species was not wiped out. But to-day it is done under government supervision, and only the surplus bulls, young and old are taken. Last year, for instance, the

United States hunters took 40,000. There was no such limit 30 or 40 years ago. Old and young, male and female, were clubbed to death by tens of thousands. The devastation of the seal herds was wrought at the rookeries and not by the pelagic sealers.

However, by the Sealing Treaty of 1911, after a great deal of controversy, Great Britain gave up all right to pelagic sealing in the Behring Sea, or off the coast, except for her Indians, and consented to accept 15 per cent of all returns from the catches made at the rookeries by the United States, Japan and Russia. That is how matters stand to-day.

Contrary to expectations, the seal herds have increased until now they are almost back to normal. It was estimated that 2,000,000 of them took part in the great migration this spring.

The Indians on our own coast get between 1,000 and 1,500 each year. They might get more if they wanted to take the trouble. But only the

Ahousats, Clayoquots, Uclults and the Nootkas hunt. They sell to fur buyers on the coast and get from \$10 to \$15 a skin. These are shipped to London and St. Louis, Missouri, where they are plucked and dressed and are then worth from \$75 to \$100 apiece.

But in the old days the seals were the prey of every hunter who had a ship that would sail to the Behring. It was from Captain Victor Jacobson, one of the best-known of the sealers, we had the following account. He commanded three sealing schooners at one time and employed many Indian hunters. He won a fortune, and, when the revenue cutters were making life a misery for the hunters, confiscating their boats and throwing their officers into prison at Sitka, he kept on his daring way to the Behring; dodged in and out of coves and fiords,



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Captain Victor Jacobson, the hero of the "Epic of the Seal-Hunters."

hid in the fog, and often, almost under the nose of a man-of-war, sailed home with his holds full of pelts.

He is a big fellow, a bit stooped now and a little lame from a fall down a ship's hold. But his shoulders are like those of a buffalo's and his long, sinewy arms end in hands like a bear's paws, gnarled and with a paralyzing grip. His jaw is slightly crooked, the result of being struck by a flying jib. He lost an eye through blood poisoning, following an injury with the point of a harpoon.

The Pribylof Islands in the Behring Sea have been the breeding grounds for the fur seals from time immemorial. When the United States acquired the islands from Russia, she tried to set up a claim that the Behring Sea was an enclosed sea, although it is nearly 100 miles wide and a part of the Pacific Ocean. But she had given the North American Commercial Company the right to kill there annually 100,000 seals, and the Company wanted to put the pelagic hunters out of business. As the Pribylof Islands had much larger herds than those of the Russian and Japanese coasts there was strenuous objection to this from the sealing captains.

Great Britain denied the claim of an enclosed sea, and so did Canada, on the ground that Behring Sea was part of the high seas. Thus from 1886 seizure of



Showing the land method of killing the seals, a practice carried on by the large fur companies which had a monopoly on shore and which were given permission to slaughter many thousands every season. They were supposed only to kill the surplus males, but the slaughter was too often indiscriminate, and if it had been continued would have meant the wiping out of entire species. The animals were clubbed to death. The land method must not be confused with the pelagic sealing which was done entirely in canoes with the harpoon, and which had some of the element of sport, as the seals had a slight chance of escape.



Sealing crew aboard the "Saucy Lass," another of Jacobson's fleet.

sealing vessels by the United States was frequent. Never a sealing captain put out from British Columbia or Puget Sound ports for the north, feeling sure he would escape the U.S. cutters. Many suffered serious losses. At one time the international situation was somewhat strained. Finally through the Treaty of Arbitration in 1893 half a million dollars was paid by the U.S. to owners of seized vessels. It was agreed that Behring Sea was not an enclosed sea, but that there should be a closed zone of 60 miles around the Pribylof Islands, and a close season should be observed between May 1st and August 1st, not only in Behring Sea, but in the Pacific Ocean, north of the 35th degree of latitude, and east of the 180th degree of west longitude.

"But in the heyday of the hunting 40-odd years ago," said Captain Jacobson, "the fur seals were so plentiful all the way along the coast, that on a calm morning just after sunrise, you could see

them off Vancouver Island as far as your eye could travel, and so thick you could almost have walked on them. We used to work as far down as San Diego in the early spring and then go north about April or May. Pelts were worth anywhere from \$8 to \$25 in the London market, and a schooner averaged from 1,000 to 1,500 skins."

The first year he went out with his small schooner he took in more than 700 skins, but did not venture into disputed territory. He made well over \$1,000, and decided to go farther afield the next season.

"This was in 1886," continued the captain, "and stories were coming down to us of a pretty serious situation up north. Some of the schooners sailed away never to come back. There were the 'Caroline,' the 'Thornton' and the 'Onward.' The United States cutter 'Corwin,' seized them up in the Behring, put their officers in prison and set the Indian crews ashore to shift for them-



Seal rookeries at the Pribylof Islands. This is a little group of islands in the Behring Sea, just north of the Aleutian Islands.

selves. That was tragedy for the natives. They had only their canoes and it is 700 miles from Sitka to their villages on Vancouver island. No one will ever know how many of them were drowned or died of starvation.

"So when I decided to run the gauntlet of the gunboats I had a mighty hard time getting an Indian crew. It was easy enough so long as I just sealed off the coast here, but they were scared to death of a man o' war. However I managed to pick up four canoes and eight Indians. I already had three white men. Away we sailed in my little 'Mountain Chief,' the smallest sealer ever to dare the Behring.

"A big fleet of sealers was just ahead of us. But they didn't affect our catch. We were six weeks on the way, and we guided our ship as they steer them to-day by Mount St. Elias sticking up out of the ocean. Just this side of Behring Sea I met the 'Wanderer.'

" 'The Yanks have been after me,' he says, 'The "Silver Andy" from 'Frisco has just been seized and they're chasing Warren's fleet.'

"Warren's fleet was the proudest thing that ever put to sea from Victoria, fine big vessels, brand new, snowy white canvas—oh, a pretty sight!

"However I meant to chance it. Once in the forbidden waters I was almighty careful. I'd anchor the 'Mountain Chief' in some little cove and keep a constant watch. One day while my boats were out I saw the U.S. cutter, 'Rush.' She had a ship in tow. Instantly I lowered all sails and my spars against the trees of the wooded land couldn't be seen. Next day I glimpsed her again, but she didn't notice me. We hung round for there weeks, hunting in forbidden waters, and I got 2,000 pelts. Then we sailed for home.

"Here I learned that a lot of Warren's fleet had been taken and that most of my good old friends were in jail at Sitka.



Spars of the sealing fleet against the skyline, Victoria, B.C.

"Next year I heard we were to have the protection of British gunboats. It wasn't true, but I thought it was, and away I went again. I got a good catch off the coast and in the Behring, and came home without even seeing a Yankee gunboat.

"I was getting rich and I built a new boat, the 'Minnie' 50 tons— with a fine spread of canvas. I had 10 canoes, 21 Indians and an Indian cook.

"We made straight for the Behring, sealing as we went. I had taken on 700 skins, feeling perfectly secure, because I thought I was having the protection of our own gunboats.

"Suddenly I saw the U.S. 'Rush' coming out of the fog towards us. I just had time to hide our shotguns when she drew alongside, and we were boarded by a lieutenant and a dozen marines.

"'Hand over your papers,' I was ordered, and when I insisted that I was under the protection of the British Navy they laughed at me. They rounded up the spears, very grudgingly allowing us only two when I represented that if they didn't let the Indians have them they would starve. They took my gun and the mate's and all our skins and our papers. They left in charge a young lieutenant who was to stay with us and bring us into Sitka.

"Well, we didn't go to Sitka. We turned to, every man Jack of us,— the Yankee officer being in bed and asleep,— and made spears. Early in the morning we lowered the canoes, took the guns from their hiding places, and the fleet went off to hunt.

"When the young officer came on deck and saw what was up, he ordered us to call in our canoes and make straight for Sitka. But that didn't matter. He was a nice fellow. When he found out we hadn't any intention of obeying, he just shrugged his shoulders, and bowed to the inevitable.

"It would be five days before the 'Rush' could get back from Sitka for she was towing the 'Black Diamond,' the last we saw of her. So we drifted the 'Minnie' about amongst plenty of seals, taking over a hundred a day. Then came a light breeze and I shifted north-east of Falls Pass, to be sure to get out of the way of the 'Rush.' It was here I came upon thousands of sea-otter. I didn't know their value then, and I took only nine. Later on for just one of those magnificent pelts I got \$3,000.

"We reached Victoria safely, and I handed the young naval officer over to the American consul, no hard feelings between us. We're friends yet.

"In 1890, to escape trouble, I changed the 'Minnie's' name to the 'Finland.' I had new papers made out and started to sea again. I saw nothing of the Yankee cutters, until after I'd sent a whole ship-load of pelts south. Then, when with a clean and empty ship, I sailed for the American shores I saw my old friend the 'Rush' speeding after me. I welcomed the boarding party cheerfully and gave them a drink. I showed my new papers and received no complaints, only a solemn warning from the American officer.

"Once the 'Rush' was out of sight we started in sealing again merrily. I got

more than 2,000 pelts and used up all my salt. I was afraid my skins would spoil, so I was on the lookout for a schooner with an extra supply.

"Coming home we ran into a hurricane. That was the time I got my jawbone broken. I hailed the 'E. H. Marvin' in Unimak Pass, just as the weather began to threaten. Captain McKea! argued with me while it grew dark and the wind increased. He didn't want to sell me any salt, but I finally persuaded him.

"By this time the sea was running high, but we made one trip in a small boat. I was returning and nearing my own vessel when the storm burst in earnest.

"The wind was blowing 100 miles an hour. A towering wave broke over us, washed us overboard and nearly swamped the boat. We managed to crawl in again, but she was half-full of water. All we could do was lie down and hold on. If it hadn't been for my mate Magnerson on the schooner we'd all have perished. He took the sails down and the schooner drifted sideways. In the dark the Indians threw out lines that were kept up with inflated bladders. At length I was able to lay hold of the floating lines. Then we were drawn alongside the schooner. She was rolling heavy but we got aboard. The three boats that left Sandy Point with me that night, the 'Mary Ellen,' the 'Penelope'

and the 'Active,' were all in the storm with me, were thrown on their beam ends and had their boats washed overboard. But we didn't lose a stick.

"I made \$15,000 that trip.

"In 1891 I was master of three vessels, but as this year there was a tremendous rush of new schooners, there was more trouble than ever to find enough hunters to go round. But I ended by getting the hundred I wanted, 30 of them persuaded from an American schooner that was sealing off Cape Flattery. My boats were the 'Mountain Chief,' the 'Minnie' and the 'Mary Ellen.'

"I left the 'Mountain Chief' behind to hunt along the coast and took the other two north. We had strong following winds and bright weather, but the 'Minnie' got separated from me and when I spoke the 'W. P. Sayward' just outside Behring Sea she was nowhere in sight.

"Says the 'Sayward's' captain: 'Better move on, the seals have gone further north.' I thanked him, but I didn't take his advice. I was about 70 miles off land when I lowered my boats, and I never struck such hunting. The weather was perfect. And there were seals for every ripple, their backs shining in the sun. Towards evening the next day, I saw another schooner coming into view. I didn't want anybody else in that particular piece of hunting ground and I was mad. For three days we sealed,



Captain Jacobson's "Minnie," flagship of his little fleet of four vessels.

every day taking full loads. Still that other steamer hung around in the offing. On the fourth day my mate, returning with the canoes, came up to me with a broad grin.

"'Stop your cussing, Victor,' says he, 'Who d'you s'pose that steamer is out yonder?' She's the 'Minnie' and she's got a load."

"There came a spell of a breeze and we made for Alitak Bay, where we left our skins to be picked up by the S.S. 'Sardonys.' Then we sailed for the Behring.

"After us came the 'Thetis' a camouflaged whaler, used by the U.S. Government, commanded me to return. I said I'd wait for a favouring wind, but no sooner had she made off than I lowered my boats.

"Meantime I'd sent the 'Minnie' over to the Russian rookeries, and I made up my mind to follow her. But I counted without the Indians. They refused point blank. They wanted to go home. One morning, while I was still asleep they took eight of the canoes and left the ship.

"I made after them, but when I caught sight of an American cutter towing the 'E. B. Marvin,' I decided to make sail and get out of Behring Sea. A British man-of-war, the 'Swiftsure,' boarded me shortly afterward and gave me another warning. In the end I had to go home, though if my Indians had stayed with me I would have chanced it. There were some splendid catches in the Behring that year. The 'Annie Moore' got 2,500 pelts and the 'Borealis' took 3,000. However, I didn't do too badly with pelts at \$40 apiece.

"For the next four years we had only the coast sealing and when that was over we'd go over to the Russian coast and to Japan. The rest of the fleet did the same. Of course we had to have provision schooners to supply us and take our skins home. They were as bad about evading the law as we were, didn't feel bound by any customs regulations whatsoever. They were great days. Half the fascination of sealing was in dodging the gunboats.

"We had good times, too. Lots of fun and excitement at the northern ports when we put in, dancing and music and feasting. I've seen some beautiful women

among those Russian half-breeds, and they were the finest dancers in the world. All our schooners carried a musician or two. Rum and whisky were plentiful at the settlements. We were all young and devil-may-care. Great days!

"The port at which we were to meet the provision steamer was kept a profound secret. The schooners had sealed letters from Captain Cox, commodore of the fleet, and the seals weren't to be broken until we made port. We had to pay \$100 toward the charter of the steamer.

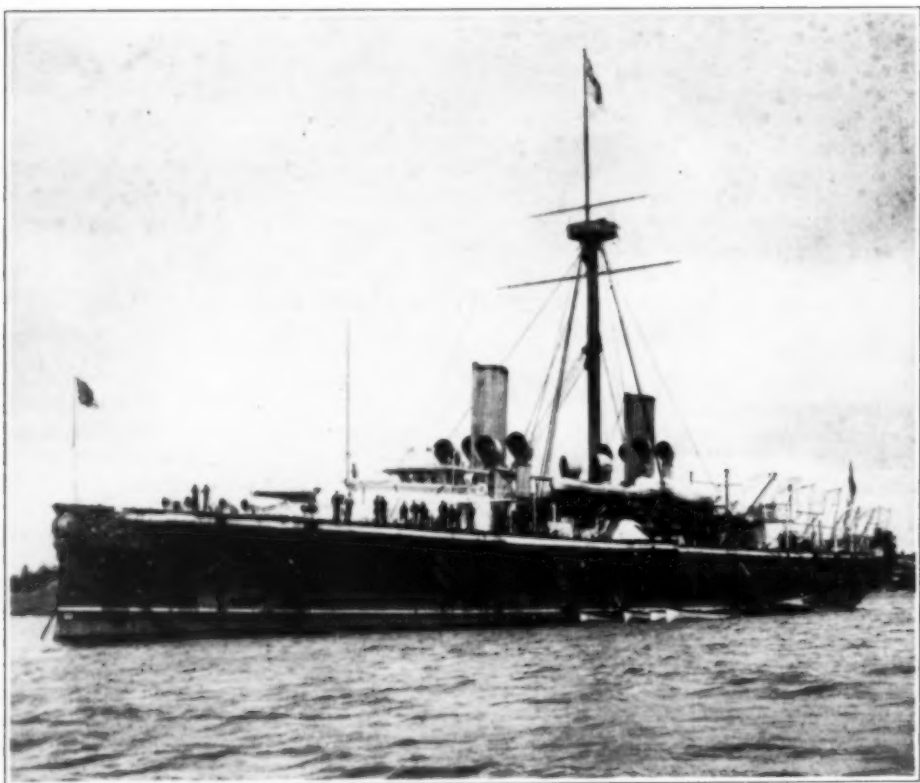
"One morning we were anchored off St. Paul's Island with three or four other schooners. We'd had a dance the night before. I had 60 hunters on my two boats, the others carried only 20 or 30. The 'Minnie' was down by Millington Island, going to unload her skins to the S.S. 'Coquitlam.'

"Along came the U.S. cutter 'Corwin.' The captain was a naturalized Swede, a fine fellow. We had a chin in our native lingo, and then he told me confidentially that the provision steamer was at Port Etchas, inside Millington Island, and that he was going to seize her.

"He gave me 24 hours to get my other schooner before she had a chance to unload her skins, and I was just in time. She was in the very act. Then I warned the 'Coquitlam.' She closed her hatches swift as lightning. The U.S.S. 'Corwin' came in as though she didn't expect anything and started to steam around the island.

"But the Swedish captain wasn't asleep on his job. Once out of sight he landed his men and they scurried up to the top of a hill and looked through their field-glasses. They saw small boats dashing back and forth between the fleet and the 'Coquitlam.' Working like mad to get their skins aboard so that the steamer could start for home. But the 'Minnie' and the 'Mary Ellen' took no chances though the other boats laughed at us. Next morning back came the American cutter, and seized the 'Coquitlam' and nearly all the skins of the fleet.

"But I wasn't always so lucky. One year when there was a closed zone along the Kamchatka Coast for 30 miles, I got caught in a fog by a Russian man-of-war. She seized the 'Minnie,' took her papers



H.M.S. "Warspite," which watched the sealing ships that they did not enter into forbidden waters. This was the man of war from which Captain Jacobson escaped in the fog.

and ordered her to Yokohama for trial. I had no intention of going to Yokohama, papers or no papers. I did some more sealing, once the man-of-war was out of sight, and then I went home.

"But back at my dock in Victoria my boat was confiscated for poaching and put up for sale. Things looked pretty blue for me. The 'Minnie' was my best boat, worth \$15,000.

"However, when she was up for auction, not a man amongst the sailing fellows would bid. Then a stranger offered \$600 and I raised him \$50 and got my schooner. At the final sitting of the Admiralty Court I was so happy and excited that I flung my cap in the air and started cheering, and offering to supply cigars and drinks all round. That was a bad mistake; contempt of court. The lawyers were furious and the judge purple in the face. I had to pay a heavy fine for my good spirits.

"Still more regulations came into force next year. Only spears were to be used and a 60-mile limit was put around the Pribyllofs. However, we took a chance, and were sealing in the forbidden waters, seven of us schooners, when we saw the smoke of an approaching vessel on the horizon.

"I pulled my flag to the topmast to call back my canoes. It was H.M.S. 'Warspite' this time. She boarded the 'Ida Etta,' but her canoes were still on deck and she escaped with a warning. Then the 'Ida Etta' came over to me.

"'Get out of here, Victor,' she says, 'or your're a goner.'

"But I had to wait for my hunters, though I slung the 'Ida Etta' a keg of rum for her kindness. I never got my canoes aboard so quick in my life. Then we made sail.

"I knew the 'Warspite' was watching me, and, pretty soon, seeing I was getting



Sitka, Alaska, hated by the sealers, where the sealing vessels were taken after seizure by the U. S. Government, and where the sealing men were put in jail.

ready to leave, she signalled me to stay where I was. I didn't let on I saw the signal. The wind freshened, the sails filled.

"The 'Warspite' quit the other boats and made for me, firing her guns. But the wind was increasing. I took a chance. My canvas was drawing pretty. Again the man-of-war fired, but it was beginning to get dark. I had a good start and the wind was my friend. By night I'd lost the 'Warspite.' I went inland then and sealed for 16 days and did mighty well.

"For the next few years I did good business. Then I lost my best boat, the 'Minnie.'

"We'd started as usual up to the Behring Sea when we'd finished the coast fishing. This was in 1900. We'd had a lot of head winds and made a slow trip north. I stopped for wood and water in Unimak Pass.

"It had been as fine a day as one would wish to see, but towards night a nor-easter came up, bringing a raw fog that fell in thick clouds over the sea and wrapped the ship in a winding sheet. The islands in Unimak Pass are simply

the tops of mountains rising out of the ocean, and shelving out for you don't know how far, with bad rocks and reefs.

"As luck would have it I'd got a splinter of steel from a harpoon in my eye, and was suffering all kinds of torture. This particular night I was dead from lack of sleep. I went to my cabin to try and rest, leaving my mate on deck with a couple of men for lookout, as the storm was increasing.

"I don't know how long I slept. I was wakened by a crash. The boat had struck.

"I ran on deck to be met with torrents of water from the waves breaking over us. We were on a reef. It was pitch black, and the wind blowing a hurricane. Useless to scream orders; no one could hear. The Indians, like mad men, running here and there. They cut their canoe tackles and tried to launch the canoes. The waves washed them away and crashed them up against the rocks. I sprang into a lifeboat that hung from the davits, and tried to find the plug. Before I could do so, someone cut the lashings. The Indians meanwhile had piled into the boat, and we were all flung into the sea.

"We managed to scramble aboard the schooner again, and just in time. The breakers seized her and flung her up on the mountain peak, her jib-boom and bowsprit right across it. And there she stuck.

"All night the storm raged and dawn showed us our position. We had been left high and dry by the ebb tide. Stuck on a mountain top! The schooner was a wreck. Wind and flood tides would finish her in short order. One man, an Indian was missing. We never found his body.

"We salvaged our stores and the ship's rigging, and we camped on a bleak bit of ground out of reach of the waves. There we pitched tents made from the ship's sails and watched for schooners going into Behring Sea.

"There were plenty of them. But the storm lasted four days and nights. Though we had one of the rowboats and several of the canoes we could not launch them in the heavy seas.

"The night before we were rescued my boss Indian hunter laid a plan to kill me and the other white members of the crew. The other Siwash were to help him. They were to attack us while we slept, then, when the weather quieted, they'd take the boats and stores and go to Dutch Harbour with a tale of how we had been drowned in the wreck.

"If it hadn't been for one of the Indians, Davie, a true friend if ever there was one, my story would have ended there and then. But just after I'd turned in that night, he came with stealthy step to my tent and warned me.

Very quietly I roused the mate and the deck hands, and, armed with our broad axes, and carrying a couple of ship's lanterns, we sought out the boss Indian and his allies.

"They were all in a shelter together. We gathered up what weapons they had, knives and spears, and an axe or two. We were not allowed to carry guns in those days, and it was probably fortunate for us that there were none on board.

"The following day the storm died, and bright sunshine and a sweet wind came. We hailed the 'Walter Ritz,' bound north, and we were all taken aboard. Just as we left the Pass, I saw the last of the 'Minnie.' She dropped in two before my eyes, and I cried like a baby. She'd been a true friend. When a vessel serves you as she served me, you fall in love with her. She'd made me more than \$100,000.

"After that, though I bought the 'Casca,' the boat that once belonged to Robert Louis Stevenson, built a new boat, the 'Eva Marie' and joined the Victoria Sealing Company, my most interesting adventures were over. In 1905 the 'Casca' stocked about \$80,000 worth of sea-otter and a full load of seal skins,—and the 'Eva Marie' made \$30,000. But the years were becoming lean and hard. Seals were getting scarce. A few hundred constituted a full load. The best of the men quit sealing altogether and went back to their trades or into business or retired on what they'd made. In 1911 the Treaty prohibiting pelagic sealing went into effect."



Flying Along the Mackenzie

By THOMAS WAYLING

LAST September as a passenger in the Canadian Airways' speediest plane roaring over the western prairies, outward bound from Winnipeg, I started on what proved to be a 7,500 mile trip over western skyways. G. C. Drury, an Airways official, was on an inspection trip and I hitch-hiked a daylight ride instead of waiting for the night air mail. We came down at Moose Jaw, then went on to Calgary. The night air mail plane swept down into Calgary's air port and whisked me off to Edmonton.

Northward from Edmonton lies about 75 miles of fine farming country, and then the real north, where only conifers and tundra grow and the rivers and lakes are legion.

Fort McMurray is the jumping-off port for the north, and there is a "muskeg railway" winding its slow length along the interminable miles from Edmonton. It takes 23 hours by train to "make" the 300 miles, for the track seems to wind around every mud-puddle and double around each hillock. Half-way there even the telegraph line gets fed up, and cuts straight across country, leaving the railway to find its way alone.

My luck held, however. Walter Gilbert flew the old C.A.S.K. to McMurray with Captain Hastings of the Royal Canadian Signal Corps and myself as passengers. We came down at Lac la Biche for lunch and gas, and reached McMurray a few hours later.

There were nine planes in the Athabaska River at McMurray when we landed. All were on floats, for there are no flying fields in the north. Pontoons are used in summer, and ski in the winter; the rivers and lakes are the "landings".

Picture the north if you can. Vast areas green-carpeted with spruce, hemlock and jack pine, with a sudden golden glow where clumps of poplars are clad

in autumn yellow. Here and there the amethyst and grey dresden of the denuded birch. Innumerable lakes which in still air seem from above like slips of polished agate, the irregular rings of underwater growths showing in the bird's eye view.

The great rivers, the Athabaska, Slave and Mackenzie, running into and out of Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes and down to the vast Mackenzie Delta

struggle to be colourful. The Athabaska is a dull chocolate, the Great Slave greenish-brown, the Great Bear a clear green, the Mackenzie greyish-brown, the Arctic Red all reddish tinged. All banks are high banks, all currents are swift, and all rivers full of sand banks.

It is Tuesday—the air mail plane leaves Thursday. But Captain Hastings is in a hurry to be off. At Fort Smith the wireless station is disabled. He is taking a new armature there.

Wednesday morning sees us off again. I have hitch-hiked another ride and on a Royal Canadian Air Force plane I fly with Hastings down over the Athabaska,

past the oil wells and the tar sands and so over the delta past Fort Chipewyan, and to the Great Slave River.

From the west the Peace River flows solemnly in, and up from the bosom of the delta thousands of the Canada Geese wing their way southward. Two buffalo browse in the wood buffalo park which lies on the west bank of the Slave River and covers 17,500 acres. Some of the planes back at McMurray are engaged in a buffalo census, photographing areas of the park and counting buffalo from the plates.

Fitzgerald is passed and the slim line of the 16-mile portage road past the rapids to Fort Smith is in plain sight. These rapids are the only non-navigable part of the great river system comprising



THOMAS WAYLING

of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Ottawa, who has written and spoken extensively on Canadian subjects, and is deeply interested in the possibilities of air transportation. Has travelled 15,000 miles by air during the last 15 months.



Fort McMurray; where the north begins, the rendezvous of the new adventurers. CASK has just arrived, CASQ being groomed for the flight north.

the Mackenzie Basin. Stern-wheel steamers ply the upper and lower waterways, and freight and passengers travel by motor and motor truck over the 16-mile portage.

Low over the Rapids of the Drowned we fly to the landing. A sinister name and a sinister record. Three missionaries were drowned there many years ago, and every year since the rapids have claimed their toll of white man and Indian, trapper and trader.

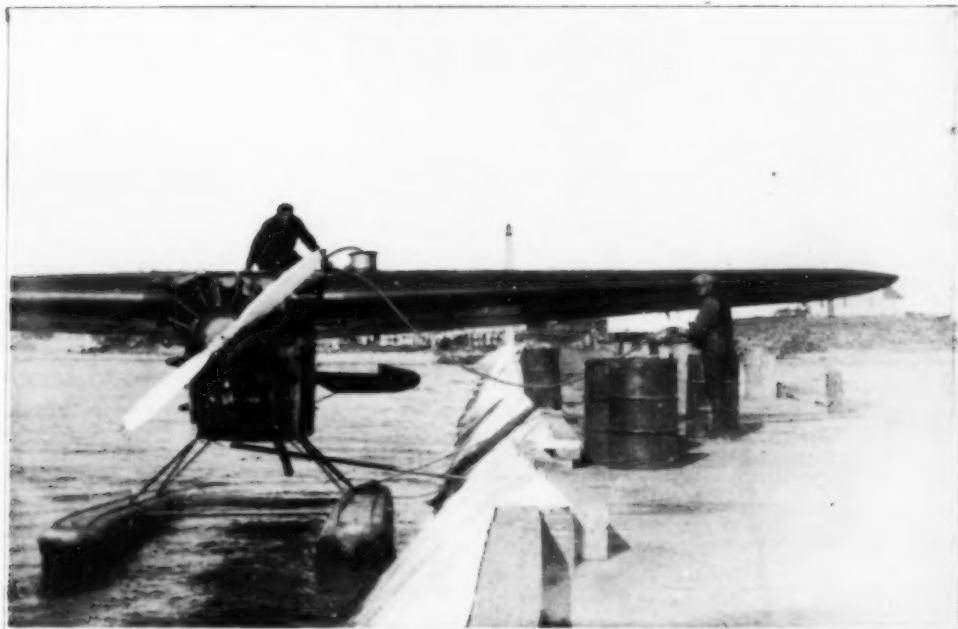
Yet the rapids are still the Indian highway. Even as we watched an Indian and his squaw paddled out into the swirling waters and like a live thing the canoe darted here and there until it was swept into the calm waters below.

So we came to Fort Smith, the first city of the sub-Arctic. There lay the red roofs of the Hudson's Bay factory and storehouses, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks, the R.C.C. signal station, the residence and offices of the district agent of the North West Territories administration, the mission and hospital, and the Indian tepees on the river bank.

These forts of the western Arctic are much after a pattern. Fort Smith, Fort Resolution, Hay River, Providence, Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman, Good Hope, Arctic Red River, Fort McPherson and Aklavik; all have the white painted and red-roofed Hudson's Bay factories, the less pretentious Northern Trading store, and at the principal forts the R.C.M.P. barracks, the R.C.C. signal station, the missions, the hospitals, the native encampments. They lie about 300 miles apart, but the swift air mail planes in good weather can drop and pick up mail at every one of them in three days or so. Twenty tons of mail go into the western Arctic by air each year.

This is the country the R.C.M.P. have opened up; which the R.C.C. signals are keeping open, and the Canadian Airways planes are linking with civilization.

The round trip from McMurray to Aklavik is about 2,300 miles, so the planes flying the western Arctic must be self-sufficient in themselves. There is a pilot and an air engineer as crew, and emergency rations for two weeks are



Fort Resolution. Taking on petrol from a cache.

always carried. North of Smith there are no hotels, so bedrolls must be taken, even by passengers.

At Smith there is a golf course, possibly the most northerly in the world; nine holes round the R.C.M.P. barracks. I did it in 128, with three lost balls.

At Fort Smith I came in contact with the magnificent work being done by the Anglican and Roman Catholic missions in the north. In the hospital I found Brother Marc.

Forty-seven years ago a young Breton left his native land, came to Canada and went into the sub-Arctic on mission duty. He was not a priest, nor a missionary, but throughout the long years he carried on the humblest tasks cheerfully; splitting wood, tending the dog teams and so forth.

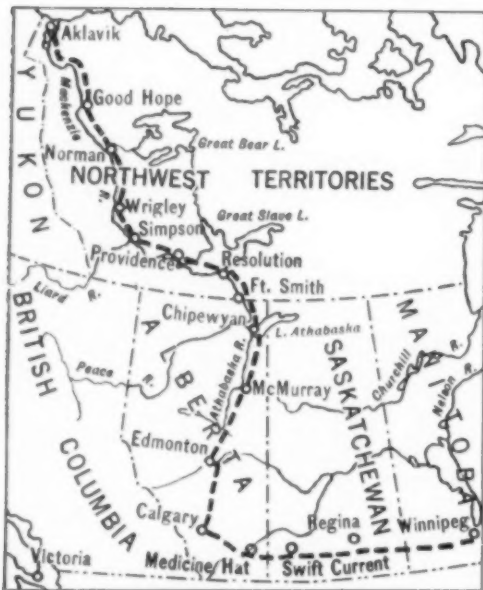
One day a plane swept down to the Mission and took Brother Marc aboard. It was a mercy flight, for Brother Marc was very ill. He was brought to Fort Smith, and there it was found that he was suffering from cancer; there was no hope.

I talked with Brother Marc. He was feeble, but quite cheerful and content. The next day I was 800 miles down the river and heard by wireless that Brother Marc was dead.

The mercy flights of the air mail planes are but little known; yet they are the sacrificial spirit of the new North. Normally a pilot running into fog, or snow or sleet, will descend to the river and camp until the weather clears. If it be a mercy flight, however, he will fly through, no matter what be the risk.

An Indian boy shot himself accidentally in the thigh. The wound was neglected; gangrene set in. Signals flashed out the call. The nearest plane ditched its mail on the banks of the Mackenzie in charge of the R.C.M.P. and took off for the remote lake where the boy lay. The return flight was made in the teeth of a snowstorm, but the boy was brought safely to a mission hospital, an operation was performed, and the doctors not only saved his life but his leg.

There is not a pilot in this new Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Flying in the Arctic who has not made many mercy flights. This is truth throughout the north. The Canadian Airways Bulletin records, under "Field Ambulance Notes": "October 25—(Plane) G-CAWB—McRorie (Pilot)—Emergency call to Gold Pines, to bring out two children badly bitten by mad 'huskie'; mother of



Map showing route travelled by the author in his trip along the Mackenzie.

children also brought out (47 stitches required to sew up deep cuts in one lad)."

Down on the waterfront at Fort Smith an Indian is loading up his wooden boat, preparatory to leaving for his winter trapping grounds. At all the forts down the Mackenzie River system, the natives camp during the summer time. In the fall they go fishing, for up the river comes the "inconnu" (unknown). The fish never had any other name, save that the Indians shorten it to "connie." It is as large as a salmon, but tasteless. The natives dry the fish and use it for winter dog feed.

Along the "dogrib," the lower bank of the river, the dog teams are staked out, each dog separately, for they are fierce and unfriendly. The true husky cannot bark but howls like his wolf ancestor.

After the fishing the Indians go down river and await the freeze-up. Then comes the first winter trapping. The natives have received their grubstakes on credit from the Hudson's Bay Company or the Northern Trading Company, and so at Christmas the whole family comes back by dog team, bringing in the fur. There is great jubilation at the forts at Christmastime, and then the Indians mush out again, to come back at Easter, trade and return and finally come in about June for the summer.

Fur prices are low, probably lower than they have been for many years. White fox, I was told, would bring about \$15 to \$30 a pelt to the trapper, which is half the usual value.

The white trappers are taking advantage of the air service of the north to reach virgin territory. A plane takes the trapper to a remote lake a hundred miles in the interior; sets him down with his traps and supplies, and family (if any) and goes back for him at Christmas or other designated time. Or he may come in by dog team.

This results in some queer loads. One pilot reports taking in a white trapper, his Indian wife, several children, a team of dogs, three months supplies, and the traps.

The Fort Smith Indian already referred to had also modernized his mode of transport, now a general practise in the Mackenzie Basin. The Indian saws off the tail end of his canoe, nails on a board, and slings an outboard motor there. The put-a-put of these "kickers" can be heard all along the river.

Gasoline is from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a gallon, so the Indian exercises his native guile. The great air mail planes come sweeping down the river and taxi to shore. The pilot attends to his mail and passengers while the mechanic replenishes his tanks from 50-gallon drums cached on the bank.

The pump does not suck up all the gasoline, so the first dark night brings the Indians around. The next day, the little "kickers" are "putputing" deliriously on high-test aviation gas.

Canadian Airways do not mind the Indians taking this "buckshee" gas but when at one fort they began to break the seals on new drums something had to be done.

An ingenious mechanic poured sugar in a drum which was a third full of gasoline. Then came a dark night, and the next day, all over the river the "kickers" were dying with a convulsive "PHUT!"—the gasoline vaporized, the sugar turned to carbon, and the cylinders froze solid.

From Fort Smith I continued the journey with Archie McMullen and his mechanic, Harry King, in C.A.S.Q. We came down on Great Slave Lake by Fort Resolution, meeting there some

members of the Geological Survey returning after their summer's work on the east end of the lake.

We came to Fort Simpson towards evening. After dinner at the signal station we went to "gas up" the ship against the morrow. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and dark-shadowed against the moon was the plane, resting like a huge bird on the water.

The cache was half a mile up the river, and as the bank was a mass of rocks and stones the transport of a 50-gallon drum of gasoline seemed to present problems.

But not to the mechanic. He simply pushed it into the river, and to my amazement it floated, and he steered it down the current to where the ship lay.

There is no golf course at Simpson, but the Signals chaps play a wicked game of ping-pong. It is a combination of polo, hockey, home-run baseball and custard pie comedy. One robust signaller actually managed to live through two games.

The Canadian Government made a wise move when it established the Canadian Corps of Signals in the north. It gives the men invaluable training and at the same time brings these far-flung outposts in touch with civilization. There is an N.C.O. and four men at each post and they are young and keen.

At Simpson we all slept in a big dormitory. At 4 a.m. an alarm went off. Up jumped a signaller and disappeared outside.

The Dominion Meteorological Bureau at Toronto collects weather reports from all parts of Canada at 7 a.m. each day. When it is 7 a.m. in Toronto it is 4 a.m. down the Mackenzie and then the signallers hop out, bump the barometer, wiggle the thermometer and take other mysterious readings, which they send by wireless to Edmonton, thence to Toronto.

After this alarm had subsided, another alarm clock went off. Those signallers set two alarm clocks to make sure that one will work.

Fog shrouded the river Sunday morning, so we could not continue. Inspector Fletcher, R.C.M.P., and Mrs. Fletcher, however, made time pleasant with stories of the north.

Near Simpson the South Nahanni River runs, and beyond it to the west the



A young Indian whose face glows copper-colour. Like his English brother his weapon is a catapult.

Liard River. Back at Edmonton I had heard of an American "expedition" which had just returned from the Liard with stories of "discovering a wonderful "tropical valley."

It was a belated "discovery" for back at Fort Smith I found Jane Smith, to whom this same "tropical valley" had been "home" for years.

It was in 1918 that Jane Smith's father and his motherless young daughter set out from Teslin Lake in the Yukon, making for the Liard River. They canoed down the Liard until about 12 miles below Smith River they found a curious little valley. Here they camped and explored, finding in the hillside a gushing spring of boiling water. Lower down was another stream, of hot water; and a third, with warm water. Beside the upper spring was a stream of pure cold water.

Here, with hot and cold water at the back door, they built a cabin. The vegetation in the little valley was luxurious and the ground never froze, even in dead of winter.

"There was a sulphur taste to the water," Jane Smith told me. "And there was a special kind of moss growing in the valley, so that the moose came frequently. I have seen as many as eight moose at once, all near to the cabin."



Forced down by fog. Preparing to camp on an island north of Fort Norman.

"The Americans say that they 'discovered' tropical valley this year," I said.

"They did not. We were there from 1918 to 1924 and we were not the first. Frank Fisher and Alfred Perry were there before us."

"And the ground never froze?"

"No. When we left in 1924 we left potatoes in the ground. The next year a Hudson's Bay factor sent a plane in to look for us, and the pilot found the potatoes had sprouted and grown and they ate them. The streams seem to keep the ground warm under the snow."

In 1924 Smith and his daughter, who was then about 12 years old, started down river in the canoe.

"We got through Hell Gate all right, but in Devil's Canyon the canoe hit a rock. We were thrown into the water and my father was drowned."

The tragedy was too poignant for her to continue. I gleaned the rest of the story elsewhere.

The young girl had clutched the overturned canoe and been swept down the torrent. By a miracle she escaped being dashed to pieces on the rocks, and was thrown at last, with the canoe, upon a sandbank.

For two days she was marooned, but she managed to repair the hole in the

canoe with pieces of her dress and some babiche. The craft leaked like a sieve, but the girl pushed off and managed to reach the shore. For several days she wandered, her mind bordering on madness, until a band of Indians found her, took her into camp, and finally, on her recovery, took her down to Fort Simpson.

To-day Jane Smith is housekeeper to the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Smith.

From Fort Simpson CASQ took off for Fort Wrigley. The fog hung low in the Nahanni Valley and several times we were forced down. East and west of the river grim mountains lay hidden in the mist, but there was a faint gleam of white sky ahead. Hugging the river we sped on, to come down into bright weather at Fort Wrigley.

The plane taxied to shore. The mechanic ran along the wing and dropped from the tip to the bank, then swung the tail round to beach the pontoons. The mail bags were handed out, and the Hudson's Bay factor, being also the postmaster, poured out the way bag and sorted it.

There, on the pebbly beach, where Mackenzie's canoes had probably touched back in 1789, were mail order parcels. The last touch of modern civilization brought into the far north by the air mail planes.



Archie McMullen, pilot and Harry King, air engineer, and the CASQ.

From Fort Wrigley the next jump was to Fort Norman and en route one saw on the east bank the coal deposits, seen burning by Mackenzie over 140 years ago, and still burning.

Up about 500 feet and with rain pouring down we sped along towards Norman. Suddenly there was a shout from the cockpit ahead. An eagle was winging its way towards the plane.

The terrific speed of a plane propeller is such that drops of water, thrown up by the pontoons when taxi-ing, pit the edge of the metal. A small bird would mean trouble, and a large bird like an eagle might prove dangerous.

The pilot swooped up to miss the bird. The eagle rose, too. The pilot went down; the bird went down. Then a sharp bank and the eagle swept past under the right wing.

A sigh of relief was choked off suddenly. There was another eagle headed straight for the propeller. There was no time to dodge. The pilot banked sharply and the other eagle went under the left wing.

Fort Norman lay dead ahead, and beyond was the towering, sinister bulk of Bear Rock at the mouth of Great Bear River, its stark sides glistening in the



Where winter comes. North of Good Hope the Arctic Circle is crossed; the lakes are frozen and snow falls in September.

rain. The waters of the river round the bend were rough, and as we came down the waves smacked the pontoons vigorously. The passenger felt thoroughly spanked by the time the plane edged into the shore.

At Norman I heard the tale of the treasure chest of Great Bear Lake; and weighed in my hand chunks of ore with rich thick veins of silver—cobalt ore, colourful and heavy, and black pebbled chunks of pitche blend, the radium ore.

One old prospector swore he had seen veins of silver that could be cut with an axe. A Belgian engineer said the pitche blend was richer in radium than the ores of the Belgian Congo, whence come most of the world's supply.

Optimism prevailed everywhere. One man named Hall had imported a machinist's lathe and equipment, whereby he could repair the motors of the river boats and other machinery. His machine shop was just a shack but it is probably the most northerly shop so equipped. His lathe cost him nearly \$600 by the time he got it there. The list price at the factory was probably about \$200.

There were oil derricks, too, around Fort Norman, and oil wells being tapped.



At Fort Norman. "Inconnu"—the fish without a name.



Aklavik; on Peel Channel of the Mackenzie Delta, and under eight inches of snow. The settlement is quite large, this picture showing only the "dog-rib" where the fierce sledge dogs are chained. The framework holds drying fish.

Considering that this district is just one section of the vast northern area, it is not too much to say that Canada could pay off her national debt had she the minerals which lie in her northland.

From Norman we went on next day in lowering fog. We came to the Sans Sault Rapids with the fog still descending, and we passed over at 200 feet. The Rapids, over three miles wide, narrow into the channel between the Ramparts. These Ramparts are huge cliffs of rock rising sheer from the river, between which the water runs swiftly and deep. By this time the fog had settled down until it shrouded the trees on top of the rapids, and we were flying in a tunnel, steadily dropping towards the water beneath the descending blanket of fog.

The Ramparts are 16 miles long, and at the far end we were only 25 feet from the water and rushing down at about 125 miles an hour. It was a race between the pilot and the fog—and the pilot won. We came out into the clear—and there was Good Hope laying in the sunshine. There never was a place so aptly named.

At Good Hope a trader suggested I "run up and see the little church." I did so.

It was just a little weather-baten wooden church; just like thousands of country churches back in civilization. But on opening the door one stepped into an unexpected and amazing picture. The Oblate priests and missionaries of the last 40 years or more have decorated their little church until walls and ceiling, casements and doors glow in gold and colours. Painted on every possible place on the walls is a religious picture. The casements are cross-hatched in gold; the ceiling is blue with silver stars. There is a little white-and-gold altar.

From Good Hope we continued toward Arctic Red River, crossing the Arctic Circle soon after leaving Good Hope. The weather grew steadily colder and the myriad lakes were showing the ice. Farther north they were completely frozen over, and at Arctic Red River there was snow.

We took off from Red River at dawn. The R.C.M.P. corporal and his constable were up at 4 a.m. to provide a hot breakfast—a gesture of real hospitality. The fog was still hovering around as we flew over the great Mackenzie Delta, and Fort McPherson was hidden to the west.

We came down over Peel Channel to Aklavik about 9 a.m. but it is still a mystery to me how the pilot found his way over the labyrinth of channels. There were hundreds of miles of winding, interweaving channels, going east, west, north and south, then changing direction and winding anew.

Yet at Arctic Red River I had learned that the R.C.M.P. constable had started out one day at dawn recently in a canoe, taking a dying Indian woman to hospital, accompanied by the woman's husband. All through the day and far into the night they continued through the Delta, arriving at Aklavik at midnight. How they found their way through that maze in the dark is a mystery.

There is a fine government hospital at Aklavik with a doctor and two nurses.

There were a few Eskimo schooners in the channel, most of the fleet having already left for winter quarters. It is the Indians ambition to own a "kicker," but the Eskimo's chief aim in life is to possess a schooner. One Eskimo family had taken 900 white foxes in a season for which they received \$30,000. They spent \$25,000 of it on a schooner and so were set up for life.

We left Aklavik southward bound about 3 p.m. and spent the night at Arctic Red River. The dawn take-off

proved a washout, however, for we doubled up and down the river for nearly two hours trying to get into the air. It was fortunate that we failed, for on returning to shore we discovered that the tail feathers of the plane were covered with half an inch of ice. The next hour or so we spent chipping off the ice, assisted by the R.C.M.P., the Hudson's Bay factor and two other passengers taken on at Aklavik; one of the passengers a Hudson's Bay inspector and the other a Banff entomologist.

We had called at Fort McPherson the day previously on the way back from Aklavik and when we rose from the water we made direct for Good Hope. Westward the long line of the Rockies snow-glittered in the sun, with warm colours suffusing the white. For hundreds of miles the Rockies were the western horizon. We saw the gap where the old Klondikers broke through in the gold rush days.

Forced down by fog now and then, we finally reached Good Hope, then Norman and Wrigley, and just as evening fell we flew through the Nahanni Valley, through a world of tall peaks glowing in the sunset, through a gorgeous beauty well-nigh indescribable. From the cluster of peaks at the south end of the valley a serrated range ran due west,



The pontoons leak. As dawn comes over the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson, engineers and pilot pump out the floats.



An R.C.A.F. plane takes off carrying an R.C.A.F. officer and repairs to a northern wireless station.

ward to vanish over the horizon, leaving the land a vista of soft-blending purples, highlands carpeted with spruce, all mellowed and colourful in the dusk.

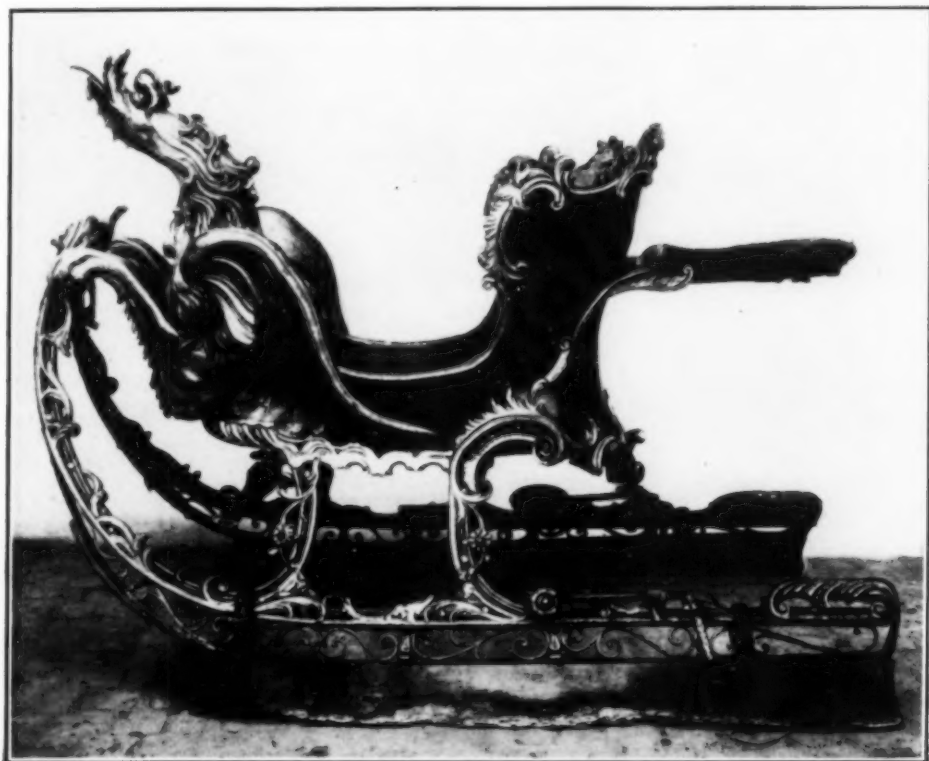
From Fort Simpson the next morning we took off in perfect flying weather and in 55 minutes made Providence. Fifteen minutes to handle the mail and we took off again. The great plane was settling down to her flight when there was a wobble; a signal from the pilot that something unusual was toward. Knowing the signal I looked out in time to see a fast Bellanca speeding past; Captain "Wop" May northward bound, racing the winter with more mail for the hinterland.

By 8.30 we were once more skirting the end of Great Slave Lake and so came to Hay River Mission at 8.50. By 11.15 we were at Fort Resolution, but

the waters of the lake were lashed by a strong wind and instead of coming down at the wharf we slipped round the point and came down in a sheltered cove, sending an Indian overland with the mail. Only a few days before a plane came down on the rough waters and smashed a strut, which the resourceful pilot put in splints like a broken leg and continued his flight. This recalled the story of the pilot who came down on skis at Fort Smith and capsized when one ski ran on a hard path across the river and the other ski sank in the soft snow. The propellor was smashed, but pilot and mechanic bought an old hardwood sled from the Indians, and also a moose hide. They boiled the hide and made glue and built up a propellor with slabs of the sled glued together and shaped. They flew back to the base at Fort McMurray with the home-made propellor.

Over the Rapids of the Drowned we came to Fort Fitzgerald on Alberta's northern border, thence up river to Chipewyan and so to Fort McMurray. The next day saw the completion of the flight back to Edmonton. Then for the next three weeks I traversed the prairies in the night air mail planes, addressing Canadian clubs covering unusual distances in speedy time; speaking one day in Edmonton and the next in southern Saskatchewan; one day in Banff and the next in Winnipeg. In all I had made a tour of 7,500 miles and not a billboard to mar the scenery of the skyways.





Considerable interest, especially amongst students of early Canada, has been manifested in this sleigh, at the Art Association of Montreal. It has been loaned by E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Built in Paris in 1720, it was imported by a French gentleman. This sleigh was for many years the pride of early Montreal and is typical of the period in which it was built, the iron work being hand wrought.



A Kachin girl—left. Married women wear turbans. The Kachins are a hill tribe supposedly of Thibeto-Buran origin. They dress in dark blue homespun embroidered in red thread. The black loops around the thighs are of lacquered cane and the big rings round the neck are silver. Sections of turkey red are applied to the sleeves of the black velvet tunic.

In Upper Burma

By LESLIE BELL

THE wide rays of a full tropical moon flooded the shallow ripples of the Irrawaddy gleaming like a sheet of aluminum under a midnight sky.

My friends had bidden me farewell and I had succeeded in getting rid of the last of the persistent coolies who carried my kit on board the Irrawaddy Flotilla steamer, scheduled to leave Mandalay at dawn. Except for one Indian steward who disappeared as soon as he had brought me a lime-squash and let down the mosquito curtains over my bunk, there was no sign of life on board. For a long while I sat enjoying solitary possession of the little deck, realizing that I was 12,000 miles from home, amongst total strangers in a country where I could not speak one word of the language. From time to time the eerie shriek of a kyle broke discordantly across the vast tropical silence.

The quick patter of bare feet along the deck and the shouts of the serang directing operations at the windlass, woke me with a start next morning and presently the rhythmic chant of the Chittagonian sailors calling out the varying depth of the river—"ek-bam-do-hath"—told me that I had started on the last lap of the long journey from Montreal to Upper Burma, where I was to spend the winter with the wife of a district commissioner.

On either side of the ship a bazaar boat was lashed. This is a sort of floating departmental shop. It supplies the waterside villages above Mandalay which have little access to the outside world. Here are to be found Indian sellers of cloth, blankets, haberdashery, tops, caps, dishes and what-not. The off "flat" (as the bazaar boat is called) was reserved for food and from its deck

drifted that penetrating odour of fried fish and garlic which permeates all eastern market-places. From time to time we stopped at some waterside village, and three *kelassees* (Indian sailors), naked except for a tiny loin-cloth, jumped overboard into the brown swirl of waters and swam ashore, one carrying the ship's hawser between his teeth. Scrambling up the slippery clay

bank, they fastened the rope to any convenient anchorage—usually a tree stump—and the ship would then sidle in crabwise till her stern was on shore. Three heavy deal planks were extended as gangway, and passengers and cargo would be taken on board. The three *kelassees*, by this time almost knee-deep in mud, would plunge once more into the water to clean themselves and then stand dripping and shivering in the sunlight till the ship was ready to put off again.

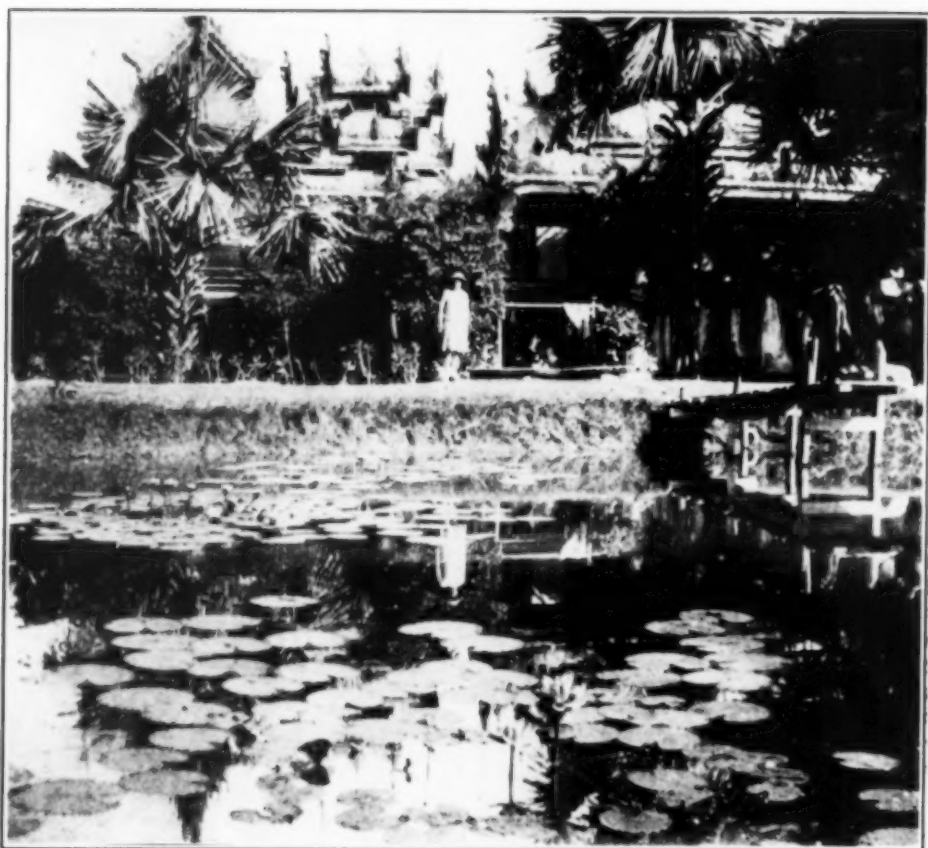
The channel of the river is too dangerous to navigate at night, so at dusk we tied up. The first evening we anchored below a village which has the distinction of being one of the first Burmese settlements on the Irrawaddy.

Leaving the ship with its bazaar boats to the bargain-hunters, I climbed up the steep bank and along a path through thick jungle growth. The hills were changing from sapphire to purple against a salmon sky. The vivid blossoms of a mango tree, their reflection caught and mirrored back by the soft ripples of the river, mingled with the bright green of a lime-tree, while a flock of white paddy birds sailed slowly past. In front of their little cottage, two Burmese women were busy cutting up a banana palm for use as cattle fodder. The utter tranquility, the age-old peacefulness which characterizes the east, pervaded the scene; material things seemed nothing—the spirit all.



LESLIE BELL

a Canadian by birth, spent the winter of 1929 with the District Commissioner and his wife in Upper Burma, and was present at the frontier meeting which takes place yearly in the valley of the Schweli River for the discussion and settlement of cases of murder and other crime, by tribesmen on both sides of the border.



Mandalay on the Irrawaddy, is the Mecca of Buddhists. In it are hundreds of pagodas and monasteries like this. The lotus flower symbolizes the peace of Nirvana to which every devout Buddhist aspires.

Later in the year I saw the Irrawaddy again when the country had become dry and parched and great patches of burning kaing grass blazed along either bank. Waves of searing heat reached us even in mid-stream and the little native huts were already roofless skeletons. Every Burmese householder prepares for this contingency by keeping a long, hooked bamboo pole with which the highly-inflammable thatched roof can be lifted off in one piece.

Like a gigantic wedding-cake the delicate, lacy outline of some pagoda half hidden in the jungle, gleamed whitely through the haze. Across the heat-misted plain the mountains separating Burma from China looked fantastic and unreal, and near Mandalay the big teak rafts stood out with stereopticon clearness above the glassy stillness of the water.

But during this first trip it was quite cold, and I was glad of the comfort of heavy wraps.

We were still about 10 hours from our destination, when suddenly the little ship seemed to shudder and hesitate while the sound of the engine-room bell signalling reverse drew the three passengers on deck. We were aground in mid-stream. This is not an unusual occurrence as the channel of the river shifts several feet in a few hours, and the passengers accepted the situation with resignation—all but a millionaire tourist who was loudly voluble and full of helpful suggestions which were not, however, appreciated by the captain.

At intervals throughout that day the ship's anchor was taken off into a big jolly boat and dropped in a place where the channel deepened. The chain would



Dak bungalow. These shelters are put up and maintained by the government for the accommodation of officials when on tour. They are usually of teak wood and have a grass roof and covered in porch. In the most unfrequented places some of them are not used more than two or three times a year.

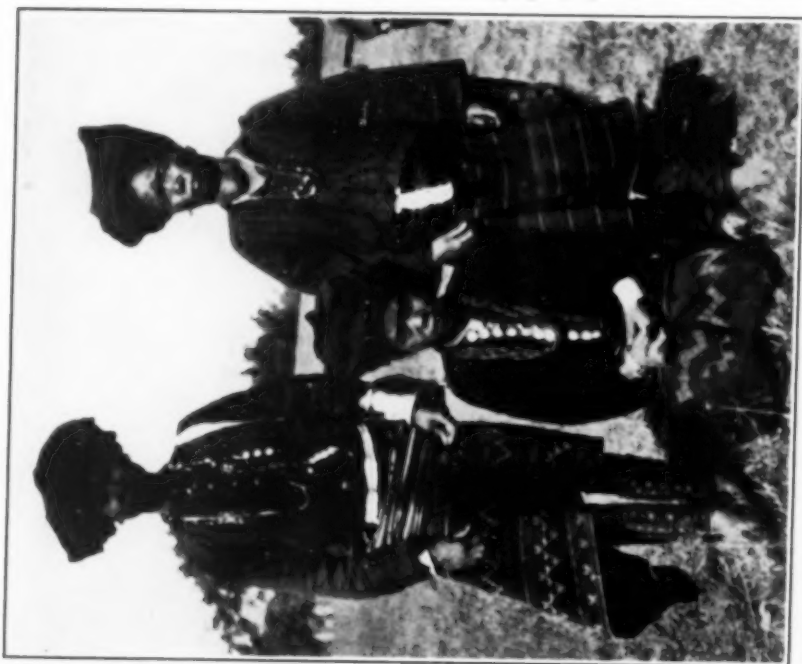
then be grindingly wound in once more in the hope of disengaging the ship's keel from the mud which held it fast in a slimy grip. After many repetitions of this laborious performance, it was finally successful, the paddles began to revolve and the leadsmen resumed their melancholy chant as we thrashed through the muddy swirl of waters towards Bhamo, which we reached on Sunday morning.

Bhamo is roughly 900 miles up the Irrawaddy from Rangoon, and about 50 miles from the Chinese frontier. Part of its tiny bazaar is called China Street. There is little of special interest there now excepting a Chinese joss house with a huge figure of some ancient war-god which all tourists are taken to see. The white population comprises about 18 persons including the District Commissioner and wife, the manager of a

timber company, a forest inspector and an executive in the Public Works Department.

Bhamo is an important point on the caravan route between Burma and China and it is quite usual to see a herd of pack ponies clustered under the shade of a big banyan tree on the open space by the river. Yellow masses of straw lying scattered about contrast with the bright blue clothes of the Yunnanese muleteers (Chinamen from the neighbouring province of Yunnan), at work packing sacks with dried fish and salt.

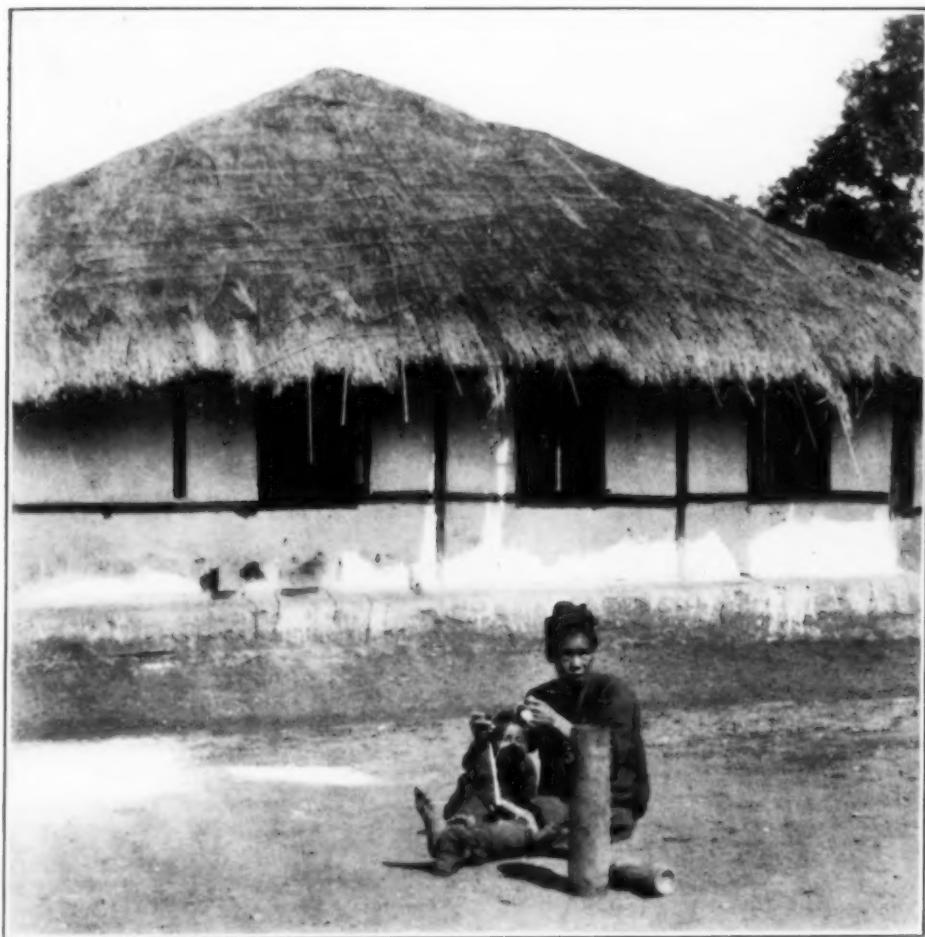
"The Chinaman is a born muleteer," says the book, "A Burmese Enchantment." "About the end of October, when the rains have ceased, the mules begin to arrive from the highlands of Yunnan where they have grazed. They are divided into trains of 300 or 400, each



Many Kachin women have goitre. They do an enormous amount of heavy manual work. The ugliness of the Kachin's face is only redeemed by its good-humoured expression.



Shan women carrying wood at Nankam, near Chinese border, upper Burma.



Caretaker's wife winding wool outside a dak bungalow. Some of the dak bungalows are constructed like this one of plaster and thatch, while others are built on teak wood piles.

under its lieutenant or laubang. They are further sub-divided into parties of eight to 12 mules with the three or four muleteers who own and tend them. The loads are allotted; the muleteer looks at them, weighs them, swaps them round to suit each individual beast and at his leisure ties them up. The loads are bound with leather thongs to a stool or crate on legs. The complicated knot is easy enough to learn, but easier still to forget again. It is wonderfully effective—loads once tied on will not work loose for days. There is a saddle on the mule's back, into which the loaded crate fits by means of wooden ridges. Crates and saddles are not interchangeable and only Heaven and the muleteer know

which crate sits on which saddle. There are no girths—the load rides entirely by balance. It is kept from slipping backwards or forwards on hilly roads by a breast-band and tail piece. Strung along the tail-piece are round wooden rollers to save it from rubbing."

The muleteer is intimately associated with recollections of Burma. Touring would be almost impossible without him, for he alone knows how to distribute the loads so that no mule has an excessive weight to carry. He is very skilful in the way he arranges the packs and at halting time only those things which will be required immediately need be taken off the wooden saddles.



Lishaw women at market. The Lishaws are one of the many hill tribes of northern Burma. These women are particularly averse to being photographed and turned their backs as soon as they saw a kodak being focussed.

His endurance is remarkable. After doing a double march, shod only with rope sandals, and having twice loaded and unloaded the mules, he will squat uncomplainingly in the open, huddled with his companions round a small fire, protected from the raw chill of a winter's night by nothing more substantial than his cotton garments and with little besides rice to sustain the inner man.

"What happens if illness or accident overtake him?" I asked a friend, most of whose life has been passed in Burma.

"He is left behind, usually to die," he answered. "Once on tour I found one lying by the roadside. He had evidently gone on till he could no longer walk and had then dropped where he stood. The doctor who happened to be with me assured me he was beyond our help. He gave him something to ease his suffering and then we had to leave him—that was all."

Immediately after New Year, I accompanied my host and hostess to the frontier meeting which they had to attend in their official capacity. This is an annual function where British and Chinese magistrates meet to discuss and settle cases of murder, opium smuggling robbery under arms, and other crimes committed by tribesmen on both sides of the border.

Nothing in the way of food or lodging is to be had along the way excepting chickens' eggs, and the rough shelter of a dak bungalow, which is either a wood or plaster construction put up and maintained by the Public Works Department for the accommodation of touring officials.

For days before we started, our bungalow seemed to be in a welter of excitement and preparation, with distraught servants and ubiquitous messengers at every turn. Pack-mules filled the courtyard surrounding the back premises, while the muleteers lounged amongst them, laughing, smoking, or chewing betel nut.

As I watched the pile of boxes and cases containing complete household equipment, even to finger-bowls, slowly accumulating about the mules, I asked my hostess, —with the assurance of the



In the heart of the Kachin hills there is a mission school, where Kachin girls are taught to weave, spin and knit as well as read and write.

newcomer, if it were really necessary to take such a vast amount of luggage! I even ventured a remark to the effect that we do it differently in Canada! To which she replied:—

"Yes, because in Canada camping-out is presumably done for a vacation and only for a short time. Here, in Burma, it is our ordinary life. We sometimes tour for months on end without coming back to the station. It is the only way in which an administrative official can get to know his district and do his work."

The day of our departure arrived at last. Mules and muleteers had set off a day or two before, and the servants with some of the luggage had preceded us in a motor-lorry to the first stopping place, a distance of some 17 miles which can be done by car. We were to spend the night in a dak bungalow outside a small village which we reached in the early afternoon. The servants had dusted the bungalow after a fashion and preparations for tea were in progress. The architecture and accommodation of a dak bungalow are of the most primitive description, which is not surprising when it is realized that many are occupied not more than four or five times a year. In spite of this, we managed to pass a fairly comfortable night, depending of course on one's interpretation of the word "comfort."

The less said about our ablutions next morning the better. Even the brushing of teeth becomes a function when it has to be accomplished leaning out of the window (a bit of cane matting in a wooden frame swung horizontally from two hinges and propped open in the daytime by a bamboo pole), in full view of

the muleteers, while the necessary supply of boiled water in an old whiskey bottle is propped perilously in the crook of one arm.

Before we had finished dressing, the servants were swarming into the room to pack up the bedding, and I completed my toilet in the motor as we set off to do the remaining few miles between us and the end of the road.

I said road! It is little better than a mule track with cavernous depressions, unbridged rivulets, protruding tree-roots and other obstructions. At a place

about two miles further on, we found our ponies waiting. We were soon mounted and off along a narrow path leading up hill through thick jungle growth; banana palms with their smooth bright green leaves, cane trees, feathery and ethereal, and an occasional cotton tree or a solitary teak, the big timber areas being at a lower altitude.

The party now numbered five—my host and hostess, myself, and two mounted policemen who were Punjabi Mohammedans. Our two spaniels

circled ahead of the little cavalcade, barking wildly and rushing back at intervals apparently for the express purpose of getting mixed up with the ponies' heels.

There was no traffic to dispute the narrow path with us, though at one place a huge transport elephant carrying fodder to a distant police post, barred our progress until her oozie (driver) got her to one side and allowed us to pass. The way became more and more precipitous until the summit of the pass was reached. Looking back we could just distinguish, far below, the little town we had left the day before, while, across the valley



Waiting for the magistrate, to escort him home adjoining the Chinese border. They rejoice in the high sounding title of "The Frontier Protection Levy."



In the wide alluvial straths between the hills in Upper Burma fuel is scarce and Shan women walk many miles across the plain to find wood. Shans are the most numerous and widely distributed race of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, extending from Assam into the Province of Kwangai and from Bangkok to the interior of Yunnan.

beyond, rose the mountains on the Chinese frontier, shimmering in the blueish, heat-misted atmosphere.

Our second halting-place was another Dak bungalow built on a knoll, just outside a Kachin village where we sat in the sunshine or strolled about, taking snapshots till breakfast was ready.

In his note, "Mandalay to Momein," J. Anderson says: "The Kachins are a hill tribe supposedly of Thibete-Burman origin. It is apparent from their physical features, which comprise a round face, low forehead, prominent cheek-bones, thick protruding lips, square chin and slightly oblique eyes set far apart. Though small in stature, they are sturdy and athletic and carry enormously heavy loads of firewood and deal planks up the steep hills leading to their villages,

which are always situated near a perennial mountain stream, generally in a sheltered glen. The houses, which usually face eastwards, are all built on the same plan. Constructed of bamboo, they usually measure from 150 to 200 feet in length, by 40 or 50 feet in breadth. They are divided into compartments accommodating the different families, connected with each other by blood or marriage, which compose the household community."

Filthy beyond description, these Kachins stared dully at us, their matted hair straggling across their eyes and their lips slobbered over with betel-nut. Many of them, even the young adults, were quite toothless, and some had huge goitres.

By the time we had finished breakfast the mules had caught up with us, and at 2.30 we were in the saddle again as we had to do a double march that day. The Chinese settled the date of the meeting to suit their New Year celebrations and we had no time to lose.

Our resting place the second night was several thousand feet above sea-level, and the connection between the walls and flooring of the Dak bungalow was more apparent than real. The cold seemed to penetrate the heaviest clothing and we sat huddled miserably round a smoking stove, pretending to read by the uncertain light of a kerosene lamp. In one corner the Duwa (which is Kachin for master) was busy with official correspondence (which followed him every day or two by messenger) as the work of administering and supervising this whole

district must be carried on even when he is out on tour.

Hoar-frost covered the ground next morning as we mounted, and we felt no regrets at leaving this chilly spot. The road led down-hill for the greater part of the way, and about 11 o'clock we came within sight of our mid-day halting place. We were thankful for a long, restful afternoon, especially as it was warm enough to indulge in the unusual luxury of a bath.

The last section of the way was quite an easy march compared to the first two, and we descended steadily towards a flat alluvial valley of the Shweli River. Unfortunately a heavy mist deprived us of the fine view which can be enjoyed in clear weather.

About two miles from our destination, we passed through a long straggling



Breakfast at a Shan-Chinese home near a British military post in Upper Burma. This post is only a hundred or so yards from the Chinese frontier.





Group of sowars (Indian soldiers) in camp on the Chinese frontier. They constitute the Military Police Force of Burma and when a British official goes on tour he must be accompanied by a detachment of police. Here one of them is indulging in a long cool smoke, as the hookah pipe contains water through which the smoke is drawn.

Shan village. The Shans, or Tai as they prefer to be called, are the most numerous and widely-spread race of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. In Burma they spread beyond British territory right across Southern Yunnan, and are closely akin to the Chinese both in speech and appearance, though their complexion is quite pale. Shans place religion, study of the Buddhist Scriptures and a temperate life, on a higher level than money. They are chiefly engaged in agriculture and Frazer tells us that as farmers they may rank with the Belgians, every inch of ground being cultivated. "The prospective wealth of the British Shan states is enormous; the highlands are full of mineral deposits," says Mrs. Leslie Milne, in "Shans at Home."

Occasionally we saw skulls lying at the edge of the jungle, probably the remains

of the yearly sacrifice of two pigs and a buffalo which the Shans offer to the nats, or spirits.

Sir George Scott tells us that the worship of nats has nothing to do with Buddhism and is denounced by all the more earnest of the pyin-sin monks as being heretical and antagonistic to the teachings of the lord Buddha; but this sort of worship can no more be stopped than refusing to dine 13 at table, or to walk under ladders.

About 10 a.m. we reached the camp where the frontier meeting was to take place. As we approached it, the sun burst through the mist, which lifted suddenly, revealing a long line of tents and tawmaws, our living quarters for the next 10 days, the tents for sleeping in and the tawmaw as dining-room, living and reception room.

A tawmaw is a shelter made of bamboo and thatch with sliding doors of grass matting. Neither nails nor screws are used in the construction, the different parts being held together by lengths of bamboo fibre. A slight concavity dug in the ground and lined with clay carted from the river's bank does duty as fireplace, the walls near it being also plastered with clay to prevent a conflagration. In spite of this precaution, when I watched the sparks disappearing in the highly inflammable roof, I used to wonder why the whole place did not go up in flames.

At about 6.30 the camp would begin to stir and I always enjoyed the lazy comfort of lying snug and cosy under many blankets, listening to the familiar sounds of early morning; the metallic clink of kerosene tins, the frisking of the dogs as they were let loose, the D.C.'s voice giving some orders in Kachin, the notes of the bugle from the near-by police lines.

Between the river and a little wood on our left stretched the parade ground, a bare, brown plain where the mounted escort (Indian Mohammedans) practised tent-pegging and other tests of horsemanship in the early mornings. Their wild cries came with a muffled sound through the heavy mist which always hung about near the river until the sun was up. Presently the soft sound

of bare feet on rattan matting outside the tent door would announce the arrival of "chota-hazri," the first meal of the day which is usually taken in bed.

By 8.30 the ordeal of dressing had to be faced and hot water in a kerosene tin was brought to the bath-room, an annex to the main tent, consisting of a mud floor overlaid with straw, a bamboo table, a zinc pail with cold water and a kitchen dipper. The mist rising from the river a few feet from the tent door made the air raw and chilly, and washing was indeed, a test of endurance.

Most of the British officials had been up and at work for some hours, attending to their different duties, such as sifting the evidence in the various cases up for settlement, going over pay-rolls, or checking villages. This is largely revising the tax-roll, ticking off the names of any who have moved away or died since the last inspection, and seeing that the people are not being unfairly assessed.

There can be no doubt in any patriotic Burman's mind," says Schweyo in "The Burman," "that the state of the people, regularly taxed though they be, under British rule, is infinitely happier than it was under their King, and all but the officials and their hangers-on longed for the day when the English flag was to float over all the land as far as Mogoung."



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Editor's Note Book



Islands have a character and fascination of their own; not only is the feeling one has for islands something quite different to that which is aroused by parts of the mainland, but each island has its own individual appeal. Of course there must be a limit in size. Even geographers do not class Australia as an island, and it is difficult for the ordinary traveller to visualize as islands—except on the map—such large areas as New Zealand, Madagascar, Borneo, New Guinea and Sumatra, Great Britain, Ireland and Newfoundland. Those of us, however, who have sailed in or out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence cannot easily forget the interest with which we studied the shores and hills of Anticosti, and the romantic outlines of the Magdalens. Something will be told of the character and historic and other associations of these islands in future numbers of the Journal.

* * *

In these hard times it is gratifying to know that old books of Canadian travel—if one happens to possess any of them—not only hold their value but are steadily climbing in price. There was a time when the western narratives of Mackenzie, Hearne, Sir George Simpson, Franchere, Ross Cox, Alexander Ross, Franklin, Back, Cook, Vancouver, and a score of others could be picked up for what is somewhat vaguely called a "song" but that was perhaps a score of years before the Great War. Up to 1914 these books had been gradually increasing in value; during the War years they slumped, being among the commodities in which very few people were then interested; since the War they have not only climbed back to their former prices but left them far behind. That no doubt was due to the increasing demands of public libraries, particularly in the United States, and the growing interest of private collectors in this class of literature.

* * *

Incidentally this increasing demand for early books of Canadian travel, and their increasing scarcity, has led to many of them being reprinted, sometimes individually and sometimes in

series. Franchere, Ross and several others, for instance, were included in the series "Early Western Travels" some years ago; Mackenzie, Grant's "Ocean to Ocean" and Paul Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist," in the Radisson Series; and Mackenzie, Alexander Ross and Alexander Henry in the Lakeside Classics, edited by M. M. Quaife. The latter series, however, is not on the market, being issued each Christmas to the friends of the publisher as a gift. Hearne, David Thompson, La Verendyre, Champlain and Lescarbot have been brought out in new editions by the Champlain Society; and Cheadle and Lahontan are in the Canada Series, published by the Graphic Press. Some day an enterprising publisher will get out new editions of the narratives of Sir John Franklin, George Back, Sir John Richardson, Dease and Simpson, Rae and other explorers of Canada's farthest north. Interest to-day is so widespread in this once remote part of the Dominion that there should be quite a sufficient demand to make the thing worth while.

* * *

Professor Mark of Harvard University has recently published a journal of Sir George Simpson, the manuscript of which is preserved in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company in London. It describes in a very interesting way a journey of the famous Governor from York Factory across the continent to Fort George, at the mouth of the Columbia, and back again, in 1824-1825. The journal illustrates amongst other things the extraordinary energy of Simpson, and his capacity for getting from one fort to another by canoe in about half the time taken by the regular fur brigades. On one occasion, when the fiery little Governor had been particularly exasperating, keeping his men going at top speed from daylight to dark, a huge voyageur, whose patience had been tried too far, suddenly laid down his paddle, picked the governor up in one hand, lifted him over the side of the canoe, and held him with his mouth just above water until he promised to be more reasonable.

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	Perfect Your Score	Score
1. Do you keep your mind on your driving?.....	10	_____
2. Do you keep in line of traffic?.....	10	_____
3. Do you watch the movements of other cars and try to anticipate what they will do?.....	10	_____
4. Do you watch for pedestrians, particularly children?.....	10	_____
5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections?...	10	_____
6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course?.....	10	_____
7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control?.....	10	_____
8. Do you keep in line when nearing top of hill or a sharp turn?.....	10	_____
9. Do you comply with traffic regulations, signals and signs?.....	10	_____
10. Do you have your car, brakes especially, inspected regularly?.....	10	_____
	100	

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Amongst the New Books



ORDERS AND INQUIRIES ABOUT BOOKS REVIEWED HERE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE BOOK PUBLISHERS

Some Triumphs of Modern Exploration.

By B. Webster Smith. *Great Feats of Modern Engineering.* By Edward Flaxman. *The Sea and its Wonders.* By Cyril Hall. Toronto: Blackie & Son. 1931. Each \$2.50.

Never was there a time when books for young people were got out in more attractive and interesting form. These three, for instance, would delight the heart of any normal boy. They give him the information he is always looking for, and give it in the form he likes. They are packed with facts and adventures, and they are all fully illustrated. They tell the story of such modern achievements as the expeditions of Littledale and Younghusband into the heart of forbidden Tibet, Everard in Thurn's conquest of Roraima, and the adventures of Sir John Murray—born at Cobourg, Ontario—in exploring the bottom of the sea. They describe the wonders of modern engineering, the Forth, Quebec, Hudson and Sydney bridges, the Suez and Panama canals, Alpine and other tunnels, the Assouan dam, Chippewa power works, etc. Finally, Cyril Hall makes understandable the complicated story of the sea, its tides and currents and its innumerable inhabitants, winding up with a chapter on sea superstitions and another on the Port of Missing Ships.

* * *

Red Bread. By Maurice Hindus. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. 1931. \$3.50.

Out of the flood of books that have been published in the last twelve months or so relating to the problem of present-day Russia—a problem which the outside world for a time avoided and then found that it was inescapable—this particular book has been selected for a brief review because it deals intelligently and honestly, at any rate from the author's viewpoint, with a phase of the problem that one hears very little about—the Russian peasant and his attitude toward the Soviet government. Mr. Hindus was himself born in a Russian village, and after many years in the United States he returned there to see what the revolu-

tion had done for or to the peasant. It is an amazingly interesting story, this reaction of the peasant to entirely new conditions, and particularly to the idea of kolkhoz or collective farming. The author's conclusion is indecisive. "Time alone" he says "can answer the question whether the kolkhoz means an end to the incessant warfare between city and village, peasant and proletarian, or only the beginning of a fresh conflict, the most formidable that the Soviets have yet encountered."

* * *

Vagabond's Paradise. By Alfred Batson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1931. \$2.50.

Mr. Batson is a Canadian who found himself stranded in Nicaragua after the defeat of the Liberal forces with whom he had been serving as a soldier of fortune. Being reduced literally to his last dollar, he determined to make his way north through Honduras, Guatemala and Mexico to the United States by the vagabond's route, and this is the very entertaining story of his adventures by the way. He journeyed through everything from local revolutions and tropical thunderstorms to Central American newspaper jobs and forests infested with boa constrictors. Mr. Batson, does not, perhaps, add very materially to our knowledge of the geography of the long isthmus that joins the two Americas, but he does help us to understand something of its likeable though excitable inhabitants.

* * *

Attune with Spring in Acadie. By Claire Harris MacIntosh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. \$3.50.

An altogether delightful book, in which author, illustrator and publisher have combined to produce something quite out of the ordinary. "Nova Scotia" says the author "bathed by the Atlantic, where sea birds like sea breezes come; where birds answer to the call of her many lakes and inland seas, her streams and tidal rivers, her rich dyked lands and blossoming orchards; her forest,

glen and mountain side". The author tells her story in verse, and when she breaks into song supplies also the music, while her collaborator Marjorie Hughson Tozer, illustrates the tale with a series of coloured plates.

* * *


The Gentleman Adventurers. By Robert E. Pinkerton. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1931. \$4.

Generally speaking journalism and fiction are not the best preparation for the writing of history, because they do not make for that painstaking accuracy and judgment without which history is nothing worth. It is mere justice to say, however, that while Mr. Pinkerton has been both, he has succeeded in writing the first history of the Hudson's Bay Company that enables one to see that amazing story in something like right perspective. His thesis is that too much has been written about the Gentlemen Adventurers in London and not enough about the lonely men in far places who were the true adventurers. He writes with vigor and conviction and nervous strength, and he makes out a pretty good case not only for the factors and traders and clerks whose courage and loyalty kept the Company alive and flourishing for two and a half centuries, but also for the theory that it was the infusion into the veins of the old company of the energy and enterprise of the North West Company that gave it not only a new but a greater lease of life.

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Dreams of Fort Garry. By Robert Watson. Winnipeg: Stovel Company, 1931. \$10

Normally poetry hardly finds a place in these pages, but this verse of Robert Watson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, is an exception to the rule, because it tells the story of that romantic episode in



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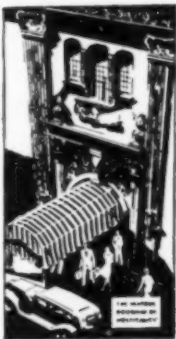
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Western Canadian history that centres around old Fort Garry, the coming of the pioneers of Manitoba from the Highlands of Scotland, the founding of the Red River Settlement, its heart-breaking vicissitudes, and the rebellion led by Louis Riel. Additional interest and distinction are lent to this book—by the way, an excellent piece of Canadian book-making—by the series of woodcuts by Walter J. Phillips.

* * *

The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes. By S. Zuckerman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 1932. 15/-.

This painstaking study belongs more to the field of anthropology than geography. It embodies the results of a series of investigations into the social lives of monkeys and apes. Here as in so many other directions modern science has had a tendency to destroy most of the picturesque travellers' tales relating the almost human intelligence of lower animals. What remains, however, as authentic has a very real value and interest of its own. While some of the



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author's investigations were carried out in South Africa and elsewhere, most of them were confined to that enclosure in the London Zoo known as Monkey Hill.

* * *

Northward on the New Frontier. By D. M. Le Bourdais. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. 1931. \$3.50.

Mr. LeBourdais has written a very entertaining and informative account of his travels in Alaska and Canada's Farthest North. Much of the story relates to that much discussed island Wrangel, north of Siberia, with which Mr. Stefansson's name has been associated, and which has been the subject of much controversy. We are also told something of the herd of reindeer the Canadian Government bought from the Lomens in Alaska, and which has now been taken to its permanent home in the delta of the Mackenzie. The book is well and attractively illustrated.

* * *

Le Vieux Quebec. Par Pierre-Georges Roy. Deuxieme Serie. Les Petites Choses de Notre Histoire. Par Pierre Georges Roy. Sixieme Serie. Levis. 1931.

It is an agreeable coincidence that the Archivist of Canada and the Archivist of Quebec should about the same time have brought out each a book on the ancient capital, one in English and the other in French. The fact that this is the second substantial volume published by Dr. Roy on old Quebec, and that the other volume mentioned above is the sixth in his series *Les Petites Choses*, suggests the amazing industry of the Quebec Archivist; while the range of subjects treated, from Cartier's wintering-place to a Quebec duchess, and from Tom Moore to Baron Dieskau, testifies to the equally amazing variety of his scholarship.

* * *

Peter Pond, Fur Trader and Adventurer. By H. A. Innis. Toronto: Irwin and Gordon. 1930. \$3.

Because partly of his grotesque spelling many people have refused to take Peter Pond seriously. It is fortunate, therefore that an acknowledged authority on the early western fur trade has written this first comprehensive account of one who was unquestionably not only a fur trader but a notable traveller and explorer. Pond's rank as a western explorer is secure, if only because of his

discovery of the Athabaska river and lake. His journals, it may be remembered, were found a few years ago in an old New England farmhouse, where they were being used to light the kitchen fire. Of what happened to be rescued Mr. Innis has made excellent use, as well as of the scraps of contemporary evidence which are all that are now available for a life of Pond.

* * *

Spain and her Daughters. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: Hunter-Rose Company. 1931.

Dr. O'Hagan's purpose in this book has been to make better known to English readers the history, art and literature of a people who, in the old world and the new to-day number nearly one hundred millions. Incidentally he gives us charming glimpses of the manner and customs of the Spanish people particularly in South America.

* * *

Wilderness Trails in Three Continents. By Lionel A. D. Leslie. London: Heath Cranton Ltd. 1931. 10/6.

After reading this book, one feels that one cannot do better than endorse Winston Churchill's Foreword—"This engaging book of travel and sport in wild lands is written by a realist with a keen if ingenuous eye." His wanderings have taken him as far afield as the Sunderbunds of the Ganges Delta, the Himalayas, Orissa, Burma, the wild Chinese-Indian frontier, Tanganyika and Labrador. His account of an exploration in Labrador is particularly interesting. "No one can read his pages without being pleasantly instructed upon the inhabitants, scenery and animals of these many diverse countries."

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World Atlas and Index. Supplementary Volume to Everyman's Encyclopaedia. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1932. \$2.50.

It was a happy thought to add to Everyman's Encyclopaedia an equally handy Atlas. One who has frequent occasion to consult a large atlas knows the annoyance of lifting it off the shelf, finding space for its bulk on a table, and turning over the ponderous leaves. Large atlases are indispensable for some purposes, but for the ordinary question such an atlas as this is quite sufficient, and very much more convenient. The general index supplies a simple and rapid key to all the place-names on the maps.